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# YARROW REVISITED,

AND OTHER

P O E M S.

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

---

—— “Poets . . . dwell on earth  
To clothe whate’er the soul admires and loves  
With language and with numbers.” — *AKENSIDE*.

---

NEW YORK:  
R. BARTLETT AND S. RAYNOR.  
1835.

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TO  
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.  
AS  
A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP,  
AND AN  
ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,  
BY  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount,  
Dec. 11, 1834.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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It was the Author's intention to reserve the contents of this volume to be interspersed in some future edition of his miscellaneous Poems ; but it is obvious that, by so doing, the purchasers of his former works, who might wish for these Pieces also, would have reason to complain if they could not procure them without being obliged to re-purchase what they already possessed : from this consideration, and at the request of many of his friends, they are now published in a separate volume, uniform with former editions.



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## YARROW REVISITED.

[The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation, for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated stream.]

THE gallant youth, who may have gained,  
Or seeks, a "Winsome Marrow,"  
Was but an infant in the lap  
When first I looked on Yarrow ;  
Once more, by Newark's castle-gate,  
Long left without a warder,  
I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,  
Great Minstrel of the Border !

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,  
Their dignity installing  
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
Were on the bough, or falling ;  
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed —  
The forest to embolden ;  
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on  
In foamy agitation ;  
And slept in many a crystal pool  
For quiet contemplation :  
No public and no private care  
The freeborn mind entralling,  
We made a day of happy hours,  
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk youth appeared, the morn of youth,  
With freaks of graceful folly, —  
Life's temperate noon, her sober eve,  
Her night not melancholy,  
Past, present, future, all appeared  
In harmony united,  
Like guests that meet, and some from far,  
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
And down the meadow ranging,  
Did meet us with unaltered face,  
Though we were changed and changing ;  
If *then*, some natural shadows spread  
Our inward prospect over,  
The soul's deep valley was not slow  
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
And her divine employment !  
The blameless Muse, who trains her sons  
For hope and calm enjoyment ;  
Albeit sickness lingering yet  
Has o'er their pillow brooded ;  
And care waylay their steps — a sprite  
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change  
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot,  
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;  
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot  
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves ;  
May classic fancy, linking  
With native fancy her fresh aid,  
Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O! while they minister to thee,  
Each vying with the other,  
May health return to mellow age,  
With strength, her venturous brother ;  
And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
Renowned in song and story,  
With unimagined beauty shine,  
Nor lose one ray of glory !

For thou, upon a hundred streams,  
By tales of love and sorrow,  
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;  
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
Where'er thy path invite thee,  
At parent Nature's grateful call,  
With gladness must requite thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
Such looks of love and honor  
As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
When first I gazed upon her ;  
Beheld what I had feared to see,  
Unwilling to surrender  
Dreams treasured up from early days,  
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
That mortals do or suffer,  
Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
Memorial tribute offer ?  
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?  
Her features, could they win us,  
Unhelped by the poetic voice  
That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localized romance  
Plays false with our affections ;  
Unsanctifies our tears — made sport  
For fanciful dejections :  
Ah, no ! the visions of the past  
Sustain the heart in feeling  
Life as she is — our changeful life,  
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, ye, whose thoughts that day  
In Yarrow's groves were center'd ;  
Who through the silent portal arch  
Of mouldering Newark enter'd,  
And clomb the winding stair that once  
Too timidly was mounted  
By the "last Minstrel," (not the last)  
Ere he his tale recounted !

Flow on forever, Yarrow stream !  
Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
Well pleased that future bards should chant  
For simple hearts thy beauty,  
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,  
Dear to the common sunshine,  
And dearer still, as now I feel,  
To memory's shadowy moonshine !

## I.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT  
FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height :  
Spirits of power, assembled there, complain  
For kindred power departing from their sight ;  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe  
strain,

Saddens his voice again, and yet again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners ! for the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;  
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,  
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope !

---

## II.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOT-  
LAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a ragged steep  
That curbs a foaming brook, a grave-yard lies ;  
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep ;  
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,  
Enter in dance. Of church or Sabbath ties,

No vestige now remains ; yet thither creep  
 Bereft ones, and in lowly anguish weep  
 Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.  
 Proud tomb is none ; but rudely-sculptured knight  
 By humble choice of plain old times, are seen  
 Level with earth, among the hillocks green :  
 Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites  
 The spangled turf, and neighboring thickets ring  
 With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring !

---

### III.

#### ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills,  
 Among the happiest-looking homes of men  
 Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep glen,  
 On airy upland, and by forest rills,  
 And o'er wide plains whereon the sky distils  
 Her lark's loved warblings ; does aught meet you  
     ken  
 More fit to animate the poet's pen,  
 Aught that more surely by its aspect fills  
 Pure minds with sinless envy, than the abode  
 Of the good priest : who faithful through all hour  
 To his high charge, and truly serving God,  
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,  
 Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,  
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

## IV.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A  
STORM.

THE wind is now thy organist ; — a clank  
 (We know not whence) ministers for a bell  
 To mark some change of service. As the swell  
 Of music reached its height, and even when sank  
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN ! to a blank  
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,  
 Pillars, and arches, — not in vain time-proof,  
 Though Christian rites be wanting ! From what  
     bank  
 Came those live herbs ? by what hand were they  
     sown  
 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem un-  
     known ?  
 Yet in the temple they a friendly niche  
 Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-  
     grown,  
 Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,  
 Though mute, of all things blending into one.

---

## V.

## THE TROSACHS.

THERE 's not a nook within this solemn pass,  
 But were an apt confessional for one  
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,  
 That life is but a tale of morning grass,

Withered at eve. From scenes of art that chase  
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes  
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than  
    glass  
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,  
If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
(October's workmanship to rival May)  
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
This moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest.

---

## VL

THE Pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute ;  
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy  
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy ;  
The target mouldering like ungathered fruit ;  
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,  
As eagerly pursued ; the umbrella spread  
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head —  
All speak of manners withering to the root,  
And some old honors, too, and passions high :  
Then may we ask, though pleased that thought  
    should range  
Among the conquests of civility,  
Survives imagination — to the change  
Superior ? Help to virtue does it give ?  
If not, O mortals, better cease to live !

## VII.

## COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETINE.

THIS land of rainbows, spanning glens whose walls,  
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-colored mista,  
Of far-stretched Meres, whose salt flood never rests,  
Of tuneful caves and playful waterfalls,  
Of mountains varying momentarily their crests —  
Proud be this land ! whose poorest huts are halls  
Where Fancy entertains becoming guests ;  
While native song the heroic past recalls.  
Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,  
The Muse exclaimed ; but story now must hide  
Her trophies, fancy crouch ; — the course of pride  
Has been diverted, other lessons taught,  
That make the patriot-spirit bow her head  
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

---

## VIII.

## EAGLES.

## COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY OF OBAN.

DISHONORED rock and ruin ! that, by law  
Tyrannic, keep the bird of Jove embarr'd  
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.  
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw  
Was on the wing ; stooping, he struck with awe  
Man, bird, and beast ; then, with a consort paired,  
From a bold headland, their loved æry's guard,

Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw  
 Light from the fountain of the setting sun.  
 Such was this prisoner once ; and when his plumes  
 The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,  
 In spirit, for a moment, he resumes  
 His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,  
 His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

---

## IX.

## IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute ! Oblivion, throw  
 Thy veil, in mercy, o'er the records hung  
 Round strath and mountain, stamped by the an-  
     cient tongue  
 On rock and ruin darkening as we go, —  
 Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show  
 What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have  
     sprung ;  
 From honor misconceived, or fancied wrong,  
 What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual wo :  
 Yet, though a wild vindictive race, untamed  
 By civil arts and labors of the pen,  
 Could gentleness be scorned by these fierce men,  
 Who to spread wide the reverence that they claimed  
 For patriarchal occupations, named  
 Yon towering peaks, "Shepherds of Etive Glen?"\*

\* In Gaelic *Buachaill Eite*.

## X.

## AT TYNDRUM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,  
 And all that Greece and Italy have sung  
 Of swains reposing myrtle groves among !  
*Ours* couch on naked rocks, will cross a brook  
 Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look  
 This way or that, or give it even a thought  
 More than by smoothest pathway may be brought  
 Into a vacant mind. Can written book  
 Teach what *they* learn ? Up, hardy mountaineer !  
 And guide the bard, ambitious to be one  
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,  
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear  
 To what dread power he delegates his part  
 On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens,  
                   alone.

---

## XI.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MAN-  
SION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE.

WELL sang the bard who called the grave, in strains  
 Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house." No  
                   style  
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile  
 Grief of her sting ; nor cheat, where he detains

The sleeping dust, stern death : how reconcile  
With truth, or with each other, decked remains  
Of a once warm abode, and that *new* pile,  
For the departed, built with curious pains  
And mausolean pomp ? Yet here they stand  
Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,  
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
That, for the living and the dead, demand  
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers ;  
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

---

## XII.

REST AND BE THANKFUL, AT THE HEAD OF  
GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,  
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for  
height,  
This brief, this simple way-side call can slight,  
And rests not thankful ? Whether cheered by talk  
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk  
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine  
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
Of valley flowers. Nor while the limbs repose,  
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep  
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
And fishes front unmoved, the torrent's sweep, —  
So may the soul, through powers that faith bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that  
angels share.

## XIII.

## HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built cot,  
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it  
may,  
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
Like wreaths of vapor without stain or blot.  
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not ;  
And why shouldst thou ? If rightly trained and  
bred,  
Humanity is humble, — finds no spot  
Which her heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.  
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door ;  
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely poor ;  
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-  
proof,  
Meek, patient, kind, and were its trials fewer,  
Belike less happy. — Stand no more aloof !\*

## XIV.

## THE BROWNIE.

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary individual, one of the last survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once powerful

---

\* See Note, p. 41.

in that neighborhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "*The Brownie*." [See "*The Brownie's Cell*," in the author's poems, vol. ii. p. 33, Am. edition, to which the following sonnet is a sequel.]

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad;  
Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell  
How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;  
Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering flood  
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
Privation's worst extremities, and die  
With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
Verily so to live was an awful choice —  
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;  
But in the mould of mercy all is cast  
For souls familiar with the eternal voice;  
And this forgotten taper to the last  
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

---

## XV.

### TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

Though joy attend thee, orient, at the birth  
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most  
To watch thy course when day-light, fled from  
earth,  
In the gray sky hath left his lingering ghost,

Perplexed as if between a splendor lost  
 And splendor slowly mustering. Since the sun,  
 The absolute, the world-absorbing one,  
 Relinquished half his empire to the host  
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy star,  
 Holy as princely, who that looks on thee  
 Touching, as now, in thy humility  
 The mountain borders of this seat of care,  
 Can question that thy countenance is bright,  
 Celestial power, as much with love as light?

---

 XVI.

## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times the brave  
 (So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
 The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.  
 Once on those steeps *I* roamed at large, and have  
 In mind the landscape, as if still in sight ;  
 The river glides, the woods before me wave ;  
 But, by occasion tempted, now I crave  
 Needless renewal of an old delight.  
 Better to thank a dear and long-past day  
 For joy its sunny hours were free to give  
 Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.  
 Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams  
     obey,  
 Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive :  
 How little that she cherishes is lost !

## XVII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN, AT  
HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood  
And fresh with rivers, well doth it become  
The Ducal owner, in his palace-home  
To naturalize this tawny lion brood ;  
Children of art, that claim strange brotherhood,  
Couched in their den, with those that roam at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
But *these* are satiate, and a stillness drear  
Calls into life a more enduring fear ;  
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
Daunt him — if his companions, now be-drowsed,  
Yawning and listless, were by hunger roused :  
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

---

## XVIII.

## THE AVON (A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN).

AVON — a precious, an immortal name !  
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear  
Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear  
Like this contented, though unknown to fame :  
For great and sacred is the modest claim  
Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow ;

And ne'er did genius slight them, as they go,  
Tree, flower and green herb, feeding without blame.  
But praise can waste her voice on work of tears,  
Anguish, and death: full oft where innocent blood  
Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
Her heaven-offending trophies glory rears;  
Never for like distinction may the good  
Shrink from *thy* name, pure rill, with unpleased  
ears!

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## XIX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE  
IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon  
Is but a name, nor more is Inglewood,  
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:  
On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone;  
Yet still, though unappropriate wild be none,  
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might  
deign  
With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again.  
To kill for merry feast their venison.  
Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding shade  
His Church with monumental wreck bestrown;  
The feudal Warrior-chief, a ghost unlaid,  
Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,  
That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

## XX.

## HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an oak, that long had borne affixed  
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
 The palmy antlers of a hunted hart,  
 Whom the dog Hercules pursued — his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.  
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!  
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;  
 And for this feeling's sake, let no one chide  
 Verse that would guard thy memory, *Hart's-horn*  
*Tree!* \*

## XXI.

## COUNTESS'S PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret, Countess

\* See Note, p. 46.

Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo !*"]

WHILE the poor gather round, till the end of time  
May this bright flower of charity display  
Its bloom unfolding at the appointed day ;  
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's purest  
cline !

"Charity never faileth : " on that creed,  
More than on written testament or deed,  
The pious lady built with hope sublime.  
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever !*  
"*Laus Deo.*" Many a stranger passing by  
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,  
Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavor ;  
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
Has ended, though no clerk, with *God be praised !*

## XXII.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
Too high, or idle agitations lull !

Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
 To have no seat for thought were better doom,  
 Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
 Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they ?  
 Our fond regrets, insatiate in their grasp ?  
 The sage's theory ? the poet's lay ?  
 Here Fibulæ without a robe to clasp ;  
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls ;  
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals !

---

## APOLOGY.

No more : the end is sudden and abrupt,  
 Abrupt—as without preconceived design  
 Was the beginning, yet the several lays  
 Have moved in order, to each other bound  
 By a continuous and acknowledged tie  
 Though unapparent, like those shapes distinct  
 That yet survive ensculptured on the walls  
 Of palace, or of temple, 'mid the wreck  
 Of famed Persepolis ; each following each,  
 As might beseem a stately embassy,  
 In set array ; these bearing in their hands  
 Ensigns of civil power, weapon of war,  
 Or gift, to be presented at the throne  
 Of the Great King ; and others, as they go  
 In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
 Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.  
 Nor will the muse condemn, or treat with scorn  
 Our ministration, humble but sincere,

That from a threshold loved by every muse  
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,  
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,  
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
From kindred sources ; while around us sighed  
(Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar-frost sprinklings  
fell,  
Foretaste of winter, on the moorland heights ;  
And every day brought with it tidings new  
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.  
Hence, if dejection have too oft encroached  
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
Which may itself be cherished and caressed  
More than enough, a fault so natural,  
Even with the young, the hopeful or the gay,  
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

---

## THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

It to tradition faith be due,  
And echoes from old verse speak true,  
Ere the meek saint, Columba, bore  
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
On common light of nature blessed  
The mountain region of the west,  
A land where gentle manners ruled  
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
That raised, for centuries, a bar  
Impervious to the tide of war ;

The sleeping dust, stern death : how reconcile  
With truth, or with each other, decked remains  
Of a once warm abode, and that *new* pile,  
For the departed, built with curious pains  
And mausolean pomp ? Yet here they stand  
Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,  
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
That, for the living and the dead, demand  
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers ;  
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

---

## XII.

REST AND BE THANKFUL, AT THE HEAD OF  
GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,  
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for  
height,  
This brief, this simple way-side call can slight,  
And rests not thankful ? Whether cheered by talk  
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk  
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine  
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
Of valley flowers. Nor while the limbs repose,  
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep  
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
And fishes front unmoved, the torrent's sweep, —  
So may the soul, through powers that faith bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that  
angels share.

## XIII.

## HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built cot,  
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it  
may,  
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
Like wreaths of vapor without stain or blot.  
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;  
And why shouldst thou? If rightly trained and  
bred,  
Humanity is humble, — finds no spot  
Which her heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.  
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door;  
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely poor;  
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-  
proof,  
Meek, patient, kind, and were its trials fewer,  
Belike less happy. — Stand no more aloof!\*

## XIV.

## THE BROWNIE.

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary individual, one of the last survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once powerful

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\* See Note, p. 41.

in that neighborhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "*The Brownie*." [See "*The Brownie's Cell*," in the author's poems, vol. ii. p. 33, Am. edition, to which the following sonnet is a sequel.]

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad;  
 Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell  
 How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
 Under an arch of that forlorn abode;  
 Where he, unprop'd, and by the gathering flood  
 Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
 Privation's worst extremities, and die  
 With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
 Verily so to live was an awful choice —  
 A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;  
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 Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

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THOUGH joy attend thee, orient, at the birth  
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 To watch thy course when day-light, fled from  
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 In the gray sky hath left his lingering ghost,

Perplexed as if between a splendor lost  
And splendor slowly mustering. Since the sun,  
The absolute, the world-absorbing one,  
Relinquished half his empire to the host  
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy star,  
Holy as princely, who that looks on thee  
Touching, as now, in thy humility  
The mountain borders of this seat of care,  
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To naturalize this tawny lion brood ;  
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Couched in their den, with those that roam at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
But *these* are satiate, and a stillness drear  
Calls into life a more enduring fear ;  
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
Daunt him — if his companions, now be-drownsed,  
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Like this contented, though unknown to fame :  
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Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow ;

And ne'er did genius slight them, as they go,  
 Tree, flower and green herb, feeding without blame.  
 But praise can waste her voice on work of tears,  
 Anguish, and death: full oft where innocent blood  
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
 Her heaven-offending trophies glory rears;  
 Never for like distinction may the good  
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure rill, with unpleased  
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 On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone;  
 Yet still, though unappropriate wild be none,  
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might  
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 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again.  
 To kill for merry feast their venison.  
 Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding shade  
 His Church with monumental wreck bestrown;  
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 Whom the dog Hercules pursued — his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.  
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!  
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;  
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WHILE the poor gather round, till the end of time  
 May this bright flower of charity display  
 Its bloom unfolding at the appointed day ;  
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
 Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's purest  
 clime !

"Charity never faileth :—" on that creed,  
 More than on written testament or deed,  
 The pious lady built with hope sublime.  
 Ahns on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever !*  
 "*Laus Deo.*" Many a stranger passing by  
 Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,  
 Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavor ;  
 And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
 Has ended, though no clerk, with *God be praised !*

## XXII.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
 Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
 Too high, or idle agitations lull !

Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
To have no seat for thought were better doom,  
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they ?  
Our fond regrets, insatiate in their grasp ?  
The sage's theory ? the poet's lay ?  
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp ;  
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls ;  
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## APOLOGY.

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Though unapparent, like those shapes distinct  
That yet survive ensculptured on the walls  
Of palace, or of temple, 'mid the wreck  
Of famed Persepolis ; each following each,  
As might beseem a stately embassy,  
In set array ; these bearing in their hands  
Ensigns of civil power, weapon of war,  
Or gift, to be presented at the throne  
Of the Great King ; and others, as they go  
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.  
Nor will the muse condemn, or treat with scorn  
Our ministration, humble but sincere,

That from a threshold loved by every muse  
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,  
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,  
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
From kindred sources ; while around us sighed  
(Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar-frost sprinklings  
fell,

Foretaste of winter, on the moorland heights ;  
And every day brought with it tidings new  
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.  
Hence, if dejection have too oft encroached  
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
Which may itself be cherished and caressed  
More than enough, a fault so natural,  
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On common light of nature blessed  
The mountain region of the west,  
A land where gentle manners ruled  
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
That raised, for centuries, a bar  
Impervious to the tide of war ;

The sleeping dust, stern death : how reconcile  
With truth, or with each other, decked remains  
Of a once warm abode, and that *new* pile,  
For the departed, built with curious pains  
And mausolean pomp ? Yet here they stand  
Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,  
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Who, that has gained at length the wished-for  
height,  
This brief, this simple way-side call can slight,  
And rests not thankful ? Whether cheered by talk  
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk  
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine  
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
Of valley flowers. Nor while the limbs repose,  
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep  
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
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So may the soul, through powers that faith bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that  
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## XIII.

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Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it  
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Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
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Where he, unprop'd, and by the gathering flood  
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
Privation's worst extremities, and die  
With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
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And fresh with rivers, well doth it become  
The Ducal owner, in his palace-home  
To naturalize this tawny lion brood ;  
Children of art, that claim strange brotherhood,  
Couched in their den, with those that roam at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
But *these* are satiate, and a stillness drear  
Calls into life a more enduring fear ;  
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
Daunt him — if his companions, now be-drowsed,  
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Like this contented, though unknown to fame :  
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Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow ;

And ne'er did genius slight them, as they go,  
Tree, flower and green herb, feeding without blame.  
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Anguish, and death: full oft where innocent blood  
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Yet still, though inappropriate wild be none,  
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might  
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Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,  
That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

## XX.

## HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an oak, that long had borne affixed  
 'To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
 'The palmy antlers of a hunted hart,  
 Whom the dog Hercules pursued — his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.  
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!  
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;  
 And for this feeling's sake, let no one chide  
 Verse that would guard thy memory, *Hart's-horn*  
*Tree!* \*

## XXI.

## COUNTESS'S PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

“This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret, Countess

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Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo !*"]

WHILE the poor gather round, till the end of time  
May this bright flower of charity display  
Its bloom unfolding at the appointed day ;  
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's purest  
clime !

"Charity never faileth :" on that creed,  
More than on written testament or deed,  
The pious lady built with hope sublime.  
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever !*  
"*Laus Deo.*" Many a stranger passing by  
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,  
Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavor ;  
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
Has ended, though no clerk, with *God be praised !*

## XXII.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
'Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
Too high, or idle agitations lull !

Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
To have no seat for thought were better doom,  
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they ?  
Our fond regrets, insatiate in their grasp ?  
The sage's theory ? the poet's lay ?  
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp ;  
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls ;  
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals !

---

## APOLOGY.

No more : the end is sudden and abrupt,  
Abrupt—as without preconceived design  
Was the beginning, yet the several lays  
Have moved in order, to each other bound  
By a continuous and acknowledged tie  
Though unapparent, like those shapes distinct  
That yet survive ensculptured on the walls  
Of palace, or of temple, 'mid the wreck  
Of famed Persepolis ; each following each,  
As might beseem a stately embassy,  
In set array ; these bearing in their hands  
Ensigns of civil power, weapon of war,  
Or gift, to be presented at the throne  
Of the Great King ; and others, as they go  
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.  
Nor will the muse condemn, or treat with scorn  
Our ministration, humble but sincere,

'That from a threshold loved by every muse  
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,  
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,  
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
From kindred sources ; while around us sighed  
(Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar-frost sprinklings  
fell,

Foretaste of winter, on the moorland heights ;  
And every day brought with it tidings new  
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.  
Hence, if dejection have too oft encroached  
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
Which may itself be cherished and caressed  
More than enough, a fault so natural,  
Even with the young, the hopeful or the gay,  
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

---

### THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

If to tradition faith be due,  
And echoes from old verse speak true,  
Ere the meek saint, Columba, bore  
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
On common light of nature blessed  
The mountain region of the west,  
A land where gentle manners ruled  
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
That raised, for centuries, a bar  
Impervious to the tide of war ;

The sleeping dust, stern death : how reconcile  
With truth, or with each other, decked remains  
Of a once warm abode, and that *new* pile,  
For the departed, built with curious pains  
And mausolean pomp ? Yet here they stand  
Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,  
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
That, for the living and the dead, demand  
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers ;  
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

---

## XII.

REST AND BE THANKFUL, AT THE HEAD OF  
GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,  
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for  
height,  
This brief, this simple way-side call can slight,  
And rests not thankful ? Whether cheered by talk  
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk  
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine  
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
Of valley flowers. Nor while the limbs repose,  
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep  
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
And fishes front unmoved, the torrent's sweep, —  
So may the soul, through powers that faith bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that  
angels share.

## XIII.

## HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built cot,  
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it  
may,  
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
Like wreaths of vapor without stain or blot.  
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;  
And why shouldst thou? If rightly trained and  
bred,  
Humanity is humble, — finds no spot  
Which her heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.  
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door;  
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely poor;  
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-  
proof,  
Meek, patient, kind, and were its trials fewer,  
Belike less happy. — Stand no more aloof!\*

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## XIV.

## THE BROWNIE.

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary individual, one of the last survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once powerful

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in that neighborhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the author learned these particulars and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "*The Brownie*." [See "*The Brownie's Cell*," in the author's poems, vol. ii. p. 33, Am. edition, to which the following sonnet is a sequel.]

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad  
Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell  
How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;  
Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering flood  
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
Privation's worst extremities, and die  
With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
Verily so to live was an awful choice —  
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;  
But in the mould of mercy all is cast  
For souls familiar with the eternal voice;  
And this forgotten taper to the last  
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

---

## XV.

### TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

Though joy attend thee, orient, at the birth  
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most  
To watch thy course when day-light, fled from  
earth,  
In the gray sky hath left his lingering ghost,

Perplexed as if between a splendor lost  
And splendor slowly mustering. Since the sun,  
The absolute, the world-absorbing one,  
Relinquished half his empire to the host  
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy star,  
Holy as princely, who that looks on thee  
Touching, as now, in thy humility  
The mountain borders of this seat of care,  
Can question that thy countenance is bright,  
Celestial power, as much with love as light?

---

## XVI.

## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times the brave  
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.  
Once on those steeps *I* roamed at large, and have  
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight ;  
The river glides, the woods before me wave ;  
But, by occasion tempted, now I crave  
Needless renewal of an old delight.  
Better to thank a dear and long-past day  
For joy its sunny hours were free to give  
Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.  
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams  
obey,  
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive :  
How little that she cherishes is lost !

## XVII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN, A  
HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood  
And fresh with rivers, well doth it become  
The Ducal owner, in his palace-home  
To naturalize this tawny lion brood ;  
Children of art, that claim strange brotherhood,  
Couched in their den, with those that roam at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
But *these* are satiate, and a stillness drear  
Calls into life a more enduring fear ;  
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
Daunt him — if his companions, now be-drowse,  
Yawning and listless, were by hunger roused :  
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save

## XVIII.

## THE AVON (A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN).

AVON — a precious, an immortal name !  
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear  
Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear  
Like this contented, though unknown to fame :  
For great and sacred is the modest claim  
Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow ;

And ne'er did genius slight them, as they go,  
Tree, flower and green herb, feeding without blame.  
But praise can waste her voice on work of tears,  
Anguish, and death: full oft where innocent blood  
Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
Her heaven-offending trophies glory rears;  
Never for like distinction may the good  
Shrink from *thy* name, pure rill, with unpleased  
ears!

---

XIX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE  
IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

The forest huge of ancient Caledon  
Is but a name, nor more is Inglewood,  
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:  
On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone;  
Yet still, though unappropriate wild be none,  
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might  
deign  
With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again.  
To kill for merry feast their venison.  
Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding shade  
His Church with monumental wreck bestrown;  
The feudal Warrior-chief, a ghost unlaid,  
Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,  
That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

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HERE stood an oak, that long had borne affixed  
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
 The palmy antlers of a hunted hart,  
 Whom the dog Hercules pursued — his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.  
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!  
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;  
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 May this bright flower of charity display  
 Its bloom unfolding at the appointed day ;  
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
 Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's purest  
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"Charity never faileth : " on that creed,  
 More than on written testament or deed,  
 The pious lady built with hope sublime.  
 Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever !*  
 "*Laus Deo.*" Many a stranger passing by  
 Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,  
 Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavor ;  
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 Has ended, though no clerk, with *God be praised !*

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Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
To have no seat for thought were better doom.  
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?  
Our fond regrets, insatiate in their grasp?  
The sage's theory? the poet's lay?  
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;  
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Though unapparent, like those shapes distinct  
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Of palace, or of temple, 'mid the wreck  
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,  
As might beseech a stately embassy,  
In set array; these bearing in their hands  
Ensigns of civil power, weapon of war,  
Or gift, to be presented at the throne  
Of the Great King; and others, as they go  
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.  
Nor will the muse condemn, or treat with scorn  
Our ministration, humble but sincere,

'That from a threshold loved by every muse  
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,  
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,  
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
From kindred sources ; while around us sighed  
(Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar-frost sprinklings  
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And every day brought with it tidings new  
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For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

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It to tradition faith be due,  
And echoes from old verse speak true,  
Ere the meek saint, Columba, bore  
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
On common light of nature blessed  
The mountain region of the west,  
A land where gentle manners ruled  
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
That raised, for centuries, a bar  
Impervious to the tide of war ;

The sleeping dust, stern death : how reconcile  
With truth, or with each other, decked remains  
Of a once warm abode, and that *new* pile,  
For the departed, built with curious pains  
And mausolean pomp ? Yet here they stand  
Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,  
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
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## XII.

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Who, that has gained at length the wished-for  
height,  
This brief, this simple way-side call can slight,  
And rests not thankful ? Whether cheered by talk  
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk  
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine  
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
Of valley flowers. Nor while the limbs repose,  
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep  
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
And fishes front unmoved, the torrent's sweep, —  
So may the soul, through powers that faith bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that  
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SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built cot,  
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it  
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Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
Like wreaths of vapor without stain or blot.  
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;  
And why shouldst thou? If rightly trained and  
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Humanity is humble, — finds no spot  
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Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-  
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Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering flood  
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
Privation's worst extremities, and die  
With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
Verily so to live was an awful choice —  
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;  
But in the mould of mercy all is cast  
For souls familiar with the eternal voice;  
And this forgotten taper to the last  
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

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## XV.

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Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most  
To watch thy course when day-light, fled from  
earth,  
In the gray sky hath left his lingering ghost,

Perplexed as if between a splendor lost  
And splendor slowly mustering. Since the sun,  
The absolute, the world-absorbing one,  
Relinquished half his empire to the host  
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy star,  
Holy as princely, who that looks on thee  
Touching, as now, in thy humility  
The mountain borders of this seat of care,  
Can question that thy countenance is bright,  
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Couched in their den, with those that roam at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
But *these* are satiate, and a stillness drear  
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Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
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Yet still, though inappropriate wild be none,  
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Or gift, to be presented at the throne  
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In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
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Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
From kindred sources ; while around us sighed  
(Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar-frost sprinklings  
fell,  
Foretaste of winter, on the moorland heights ;  
And every day brought with it tidings new  
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.  
Hence, if dejection have too oft encroached  
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
Which may itself be cherished and caressed  
More than enough, a fault so natural,  
Even with the young, the hopeful or the gay,  
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

---

## THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

If to tradition faith be due,  
And echoes from old verse speak true,  
Ere the meek saint, Columba, bore  
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
On common light of nature blessed  
The mountain region of the west,  
A land where gentle manners ruled  
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
That raised, for centuries, a bar  
Impervious to the tide of war ;

The sleeping dust, stern death : how reconcile  
With truth, or with each other, decked remains  
Of a once warm abode, and that *new* pile,  
For the departed, built with curious pains  
And mausolean pomp ? Yet here they stand  
Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful bowers,  
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
That, for the living and the dead, demand  
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers ;  
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

---

## XII.

REST AND BE THANKFUL, AT THE HEAD OF  
GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,  
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for  
height,  
This brief, this simple way-side call can slight,  
And rests not thankful ? Whether cheered by talk  
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk  
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine  
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
Of valley flowers. Nor while the limbs repose,  
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep  
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
And fishes front unmoved, the torrent's sweep, —  
So may the soul, through powers that faith bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that  
angels share.

## XIII.

## HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built cot,  
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it  
may,  
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
Like wreaths of vapor without stain or blot.  
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not ;  
And why shouldst thou ? If rightly trained and  
bred,  
Humanity is humble, — finds no spot  
Which her heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.  
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door ;  
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely poor ;  
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-  
proof,  
Meek, patient, kind, and were its trials fewer,  
Belike less happy. — Stand no more aloof !\*

## XIV.

## THE BROWNIE.

[Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary individual, one of the last survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once powerful

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\* See Note, p. 41.

in that neighborhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "*The Brownie*." [See "*The Brownie's Cell*," in the author's poems, vol. ii. p. 33, Am. edition, to which the following sonnet is a sequel.]

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad;  
Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell  
How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;  
Where he, unpropp'd, and by the gathering flood  
Of years hemm'd round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
Privation's worst extremities, and die  
With no one near save the omnipresent God.  
Verily so to live was an awful choice —  
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;  
But in the mould of mercy all is cast  
For souls familiar with the eternal voice;  
And this forgotten taper to the last  
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

## XV.

## TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

Though joy attend thee, orient, at the birth  
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most  
To watch thy course when day-light, fled from  
earth,  
In the gray sky hath left his lingering ghost,

Perplexed as if between a splendor lost  
And splendor slowly mustering. Since the sun,  
The absolute, the world-absorbing one,  
Relinquished half his empire to the host  
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy star,  
Holy as princely, who that looks on thee  
Touching, as now, in thy humility  
The mountain borders of this seat of care,  
Can question that thy countenance is bright,  
Celestial power, as much with love as light?

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## XVI.

## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times the brave  
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.  
Once on those steeps *I* roamed at large, and have  
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight ;  
The river glides, the woods before me wave ;  
But, by occasion tempted, now I crave  
Needless renewal of an old delight.  
Better to thank a dear and long-past day  
For joy its sunny hours were free to give  
Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.  
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams  
obey,  
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive :  
How little that she cherishes is lost !

## XVII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN, AT  
HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood  
And fresh with rivers, well doth it become  
The Ducal owner, in his palace-home  
To naturalize this tawny lion brood ;  
Children of art, that claim strange brotherhood,  
Couched in their den, with those that roam at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
But *these* are satiate, and a stillness drear  
Calls into life a more enduring fear ;  
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
Daunt him — if his companions, now be-drowsed,  
Yawning and listless, were by hunger roused :  
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

---

## XVIII.

## THE AVON (A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN).

AVON — a precious, an immortal name !  
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear  
Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear  
Like this contented, though unknown to fame :  
For great and sacred is the modest claim  
Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow ;

And ne'er did genius slight them, as they go,  
 Tree, flower and green herb, feeding without blame.  
 But praise can waste her voice on work of tears,  
 Anguish, and death: full oft where innocent blood  
 Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
 Her heaven-offending trophies glory rears;  
 Never for like distinction may the good  
 Shrink from *thy* name, pure rill, with unpleased  
       ears!

---

 XIX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE  
 IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon  
 Is but a name, nor more is Inglewood,  
 That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:  
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone;  
 Yet still, though unappropriate wild be none,  
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might  
       deign  
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again.  
 To kill for merry feast their venison.  
 Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding shade  
 His Church with monumental wreck bestrown;  
 The feudal Warrior-chief, a ghost unlaid,  
 Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,  
 That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
 Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

## XX.

## HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an oak, that long had borne affixed  
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
 The palmy antlers of a hunted hart,  
 Whom the dog Hercules pursued — his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.  
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!  
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;  
 And for this feeling's sake, let no one chide  
 Verse that would guard thy memory, *Hart's-hor*  
*Tree!* \*

## XXI.

## COUNTESS'S PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial to her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret, Countess

\* See Note, p. 46.

Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo !*"]

WHILE the poor gather round, till the end of time  
May this bright flower of charity display  
Its bloom unfolding at the appointed day ;  
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's purest  
cline !

"Charity never faileth :" on that creed,  
More than on written testament or deed,  
The pious lady built with hope sublime.  
Ains on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever !*  
"*Laus Deo.*" Many a stranger passing by  
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,  
Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavor ;  
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
Has ended, though no clerk, with *God be praised !*

## XXII.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
'Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
Too high, or idle agitations lull !

Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
To have no seat for thought were better doom  
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they  
Our fond regrets, insatiate in their grasp ?  
The sage's theory ? the poet's lay ?  
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp ;  
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls ;  
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals !

---

## APOLOGY.

No more : the end is sudden and abrupt,  
Abrupt—as without preconceived design  
Was the beginning, yet the several lays  
Have moved in order, to each other bound  
By a continuous and acknowledged tie  
Though unapparent, like those shapes distinct  
That yet survive ensculptured on the walls  
Of palace, or of temple, 'mid the wreck  
Of famed Persepolis ; each following each,  
As might beseem a stately embassy,  
In set array ; these bearing in their hands  
Ensigns of civil power, weapon of war,  
Or gift, to be presented at the throne  
Of the Great King ; and others, as they go  
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.  
Nor will the muse condemn, or treat with scorn  
Our ministration, humble but sincere,

That from a threshold loved by every muse  
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,  
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,  
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
From kindred sources ; while around us sighed  
(Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar-frost sprinklings  
fell,

Foretaste of winter, on the moorland heights ;  
And every day brought with it tidings new  
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.  
Hence, if dejection have too oft encroached  
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
Which may itself be cherished and caressed  
More than enough, a fault so natural,  
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For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

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If to tradition faith be due,  
And echoes from old verse speak true,  
Ere the meek saint, Columba, bore  
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
On common light of nature blessed  
The mountain region of the west,  
A land where gentle manners ruled  
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
That raised, for centuries, a bar  
Impervious to the tide of war ;

Yet peaceful arts did entrance gain  
Where haughty force had striven in vain ;  
And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,  
By wanderers brought from foreign lands  
And various climes, was not unknown  
The clasp that fixed the Roman gown ;  
The Fibule, whose shape, I ween,  
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,  
The silver Broach of massy frame,  
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame  
On road or path, or at the door  
Of fern-thatched hut or heathy moor :  
But delicate of yore its mould,  
And the material finest gold ;  
As might bescem the fairest fair,  
Whether she graced a royal chair,  
Or shed, within a vaulted hall,  
No fancied lustre on the wall  
Where shields of mighty heroes hung,  
While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic age expired—it slept  
Deep in its tomb :—the bramble crept  
O'er Fingal's hearth ; the grassy sod  
Grew on the floors his sons had trod :  
Malvina ! where art thou ? Their state  
The noblest-born must abdicate,  
The fairest, while with fire and sword  
Come spoilers—horde impelling horde,  
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest  
By ruder hands in homelier vest.  
Yet still the female bosom lent,  
And loved to borrow, ornament ;  
Still was its inner world a place  
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace ;

Still pity to this last retreat  
Clove fondly ; to its favorite seat  
Love wound its way by soft approach,  
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage  
Yet fiercer, in a darker age ;  
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,  
The weaker perished to a man ;  
For maid and mother, when despair  
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,  
One small *possession* lacked not power,  
Provided in a calmer hour,  
To meet such need as might befall—  
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial :  
For women, even of tears bereft,  
The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go,  
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow ;  
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,  
And feeble, of themselves, decay ;  
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,  
In which the castle once took pride !  
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,  
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.  
Lo ! ships, from seas by nature barred,  
Mount along ways by man prepared ;  
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams  
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.  
Lo ! busy towns spring up, on coasts  
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;  
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn  
Among the novelties of morn,  
While young delights on old encroach,  
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,  
Like vapors, years have rolled and spread ;  
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,  
Shall yield no light of love or praise,  
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,  
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,  
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might  
Entombs, or forces into light,  
Blind chance, a volunteer ally,  
That oft befriends antiquity,  
And clears oblivion from reproach,  
May render back the Highland Broach.

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The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one, and occurs with the plaid and kilt to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country. How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

## NOTES.

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### *Highland Hut.* Page 29.

THIS sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. The reader may not be displeased with the following extract from the journal of a Lady, my fellow-traveller in Scotland, in the autumn of 1803, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one of these rude habitations.

"On our return from the Trossachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and, having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or

if he had, one would have accused him of servility the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (howe-  
neous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the  
dence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird : he  
however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisk  
for his refreshment, at our request. "She keeps a  
as the phrase is : indeed, I believe there is scarcely  
house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers  
be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar  
barley-bread, and milk ; and, with a smile and a sta  
of kindness than wonder, she replied, "Ye'll ge  
bringing each article separately. We caroused our  
coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmos-  
which we were : the smoke came in gusts, and sprae  
the walls ; and above our heads in the chimney (wt  
hens were roosting) like clouds in the sky. We laug  
laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes,  
a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the be-  
rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke : tl  
been crusted over, and varnished by many winters, til  
the firelight fell upon them, they had become as gl  
black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When  
eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I  
never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welc  
a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from  
time that we should often tell of this night when w  
our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, w  
had more than once, when we were returning in tl  
ventured to say was "bonnier than Loch Lomond  
companion from the Trossachs, who, it appeared,  
Edinburgh drawing master going, during the vacati  
pedestrian tour to John o' Groat's house, was to slee  
barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said  
plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the ha-  
Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had  
chance than usual : wet or dry, however, the next :

they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to "*go ben*," attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not "sic as I had been used to." It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the whole house were of stone unplastered: it consisted of three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family: the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under boughs of a large beech tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colors were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room: I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Fairy-land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance

## XX.

## HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an oak, that long had borne affixe  
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
 The palmy antlers of a hunted hart,  
 Whom the dog Hercules pursued — his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.  
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!  
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;  
 And for this feeling's sake, let no one chide  
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WHILE the poor gather round, till the end of time  
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Its bloom unfolding at the appointed day ;  
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's purest  
clime !

"Charity never faileth : " on that creed,  
More than on written testament or deed,  
The pious lady built with hope sublime.  
Aims on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever !*  
"*Laus Deo.*" Many a stranger passing by  
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Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavor ;  
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
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Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
To have no seat for thought were better doom,  
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they ?  
Our fond regrets, insatiate in their grasp ?  
The sage's theory ? the poet's lay ?  
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp ;  
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls ;  
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals !

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Abrupt—as without preconceived design  
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Of palace, or of temple, 'mid the wreck  
Of famed Persepolis ; each following each,  
As might besem a stately embassy,  
In set array ; these bearing in their hands  
Ensigns of civil power, weapon of war,  
Or gift, to be presented at the throne  
Of the Great King ; and others, as they go  
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.  
Nor will the muse condemn, or treat with scorn  
Our ministration, humble but sincere,

That from a threshold loved by every muse  
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,  
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,  
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
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Where haughty force had striven in vain ;  
And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,  
By wanderers brought from foreign lands  
And various climes, was not unknown  
The clasp that fixed the Roman gown ;  
The Fibule, whose shape, I ween,  
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,  
The silver Broach of massy frame,  
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame  
On road or path, or at the door  
Of fern-thatched hut or heathy moor :  
But delicate of yore its mould,  
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Whether she graced a royal chair,  
Or shed, within a vaulted hall,  
No fancied lustre on the wall  
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The heroic age expired—it slept  
Deep in its tomb :—the bramble crept  
O'er Fingal's hearth ; the grassy sod  
Grew on the floors his sons had trod :  
Malvina ! where art thou ? ' Their state  
The noblest-born must abdicate,  
The fairest, while with fire and sword  
Come spoilers—horde impelling horde,  
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest  
By ruder hands in homelier vest.  
Yet still the female bosom lent,  
And loved to borrow, ornament ;  
Still was its inner world a place  
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace ;

Still pity to this last retreat  
Clove fondly ; to its favorite seat  
Love wound its way by soft approach,  
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage  
Yet fiercer, in a darker age ;  
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,  
The weaker perished to a man ;  
For maid and mother, when despair  
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,  
One small *possession* lacked not power,  
Provided in a calmer hour,  
To meet such need as might befall—  
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial :  
For women, even of tears bereft,  
The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go,  
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow ;  
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,  
And feeble, of themselves, decay ;  
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,  
In which the castle once took pride !  
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,  
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.  
Lo ! ships, from seas by nature barred,  
Mount along ways by man prepared ;  
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams  
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.  
Lo ! busy towns spring up, on coasts  
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;  
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn  
Among the novelties of morn,  
While young delights on old encroach,  
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,  
Like vapors, years have rolled and spread ;  
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,  
Shall yield no light of love or praise,  
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,  
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,  
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might  
Entombs, or forces into light,  
Blind chance, a volunteer ally,  
That oft befriends antiquity,  
And clears oblivion from reproach,  
May render back the Highland Broach.

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The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one, and occurs with the plaid and kilt to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country. How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, " I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach !" and uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

## NOTES.

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### *Highland Hut.* Page 29.

THIS sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. The reader may not be displeased with the following extract from the journal of a Lady, my fellow-traveller in Scotland, in the autumn of 1803, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one of these rude habitations.

"On our return from the Trossachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and, having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or

if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird: he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. "She keeps a dram," as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, "Ye'll get that," bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over, and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was "bonnier than Loch Lomond." Our companion from the Trossachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o' Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning

they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to "*go ben*," attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not "sic as I had been used to." It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the whole house were of stone unplastered: it consisted of three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family: the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under boughs of a large beech tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colors were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room: I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Fairy-land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance

at other times, and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomime-maker could he but transplant it to Drury Lane, with all its beautiful colors!"—*MS.*

*Bothwell Castle.* Page 31. Line 14.

"Once on those steeps *I* roamed."

The following is from the same *MS.*, and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:—

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its

independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion : its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other ; and it is impossible *not* to regret it ; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock ; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place : elm trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other ; and the river Clyde flows on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity ; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings ; you can then take it in whatever mood you like : silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them ; those

of a lake, or of the sea, come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writing of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel."—*MS. Journal.*

*The Hart's-horn Tree.* Page 34.

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmorland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhyme was made upon them:

'Hercules kill'd Hart a greese  
And Hart a greese kill'd Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—*Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.*

The tree has now disappeared, but the author of these poems well remembers its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from

Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighborhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz., Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith churchyard; Arthur's Round Table; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Eamont; Long Meg and her Daughters near Eden, &c. &c.



## THE EGYPTIAN MAID ;

### OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

[For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table ;" for the rest the Author is answerable ; only it may be proper to add, that the Lotus, with the bust of the goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.]

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish sands,  
Forth-looking toward the Rocks of Scilly  
The pleased enchanter was aware  
Of a bright ship that seemed to hang in air,  
Yet was she work of mortal hands,  
And took from men her name—THE WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew ;  
And, as the moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,  
Grows from a little edge of light  
To a full orb, this pinnace bright,  
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,  
More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this winged shape so fair  
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration :  
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass  
Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;  
Was ever built with patient care ;  
Or, at the touch, set forth with wondrous trans-  
formation.

Now, through a mechanist, whose skill  
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science,  
Grave Merlin (and belike the more  
For practising occult and perilous lore)  
Was subject to a freakish will  
That snapped good thoughts, or scared them with  
defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast  
An altered look upon the advancing stranger  
Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,  
“ My art shall help to tame her pride ”—  
Anon the breeze became a blast,  
And the waves rose, the sky portended danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign  
‘ Traced on the beach, his work the sorcerer urges  
The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,  
Like spiteful fiends that vanish, crossed  
By fiends of aspect more malign ;  
And the winds roused the deep with fierce  
scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore  
Was this sea-flower, this buoyant galley ;  
Supreme in loveliness and grace  
Of motion, whether in the embrace  
Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o’er  
The main flood roughened into hill and valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves  
Her sides, the wizard's craft confounding ;  
Like something out of ocean sprung  
To be forever fresh and young,  
Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves  
Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding !

But ocean under magic heaves,  
And cannot spare the thing he cherished :  
Ah ! what avails that she was fair,  
Luminous, blithe, and debonair ?  
The storm has stripped her of her leaves ;  
The Lily floats no longer !—She hath perished.

Grieve for her.—She deserves no less ;  
So like, yet so unlike, a living creature !  
No heart had she, no busy brain ;  
Though loved, she could not love again ;  
Though pitied, *feel* her own distress ;  
Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears ;  
So richly was this galley laden ;  
A fairer than herself she bore,  
And, in her struggles, cast ashore ;  
A lovely one, who nothing hears  
Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled  
From mischief, caused by spells himself had  
muttered ;  
And, while repentant all too late,  
In moody posture there he sate,  
He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised head,  
A visitant by whom these words were uttered :

“ On Christian service this frail bark  
Sailed” (hear me, Merlin!) “ under high protection,  
Though on her prow a sign of heathen power  
Was carved — a goddess with a lily flower,  
The old Egyptian’s emblematic mark  
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

“ Her course was for the British strand,  
Her freight it was a damsel peerless ;  
God reigns above, and spirits strong  
May gather to avenge this wrong  
Done to the princess, and her land  
Which she in duty left, though sad not cheerless

“ And to Caerleon’s loftiest tower  
Soon will the Knights of Arthur’s Table  
A cry of lamentation send ;  
And all will weep who there attend,  
To grace that stranger’s bridal hour,  
For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

“ Shame ! should a child of royal line  
Die through the blindness of thy malice :”  
Thus to the Necromancer spake  
Nina, the lady of the lake,  
A gentle sorceress, and benign,  
Who ne’er embittered any good man’s chalice.

“ What boots,” continued she, “ to mourn ?  
To expiate thy sin endeavor !  
From the bleak isle where she is laid,  
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid  
May yet to Arthur’s court be borne  
Cold as she is, ere life be fled forever.

"My pearly boat, a shining light,  
That brought me down that sunless river,  
Will bear me on from wave to wave,  
And back with her to this sea-cave ;  
Then Merlin ! for a rapid flight  
Through air to thee my charge will I deliver.

"The very swiftest of thy cars  
Must, when my part is done, be ready ;  
Meanwhile, for further guidance look  
Into thy own prophetic book ;  
And, if that fail, consult the stars  
To learn thy course ; farewell ! be prompt and  
steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again  
Was seated in her gleaming shallop,  
That, o'er the yet-distempered deep,  
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,  
Or like a steed, without a rein,  
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach  
That isle without a house or haven ;  
Landing, she found not what she sought,  
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught  
But a carved Lotus cast upon the shore  
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while !  
For gently each from each retreating  
With backward curve, the leaves revealed  
The bosom half, and half concealed,  
Of a divinity, that seemed to smile  
On Nina as she passed, with hopeful greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,  
Of tortured hope and purpose shaken;  
Following the margin of a bay,  
She spied the lonely cast-away,  
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,  
But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom forsaken.

'Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,  
With tenderness and mild emotion,  
The damsel in that trance embound;  
And, while she raised her from the ground,  
And in the pearly shallop placed,  
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs  
Of music opened, and there came a blending  
Of fragrance, underived from earth,  
With gleams that owed not to the sun their birth,  
And that soft rustling of invisible wings  
Which angels make, on works of love descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice  
Than if the goddess of the flower had spoken:  
"Thou hast achieved, fair dame! what none  
Less pure in spirit could have done;  
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!  
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success betoken."

So cheered she left that island bleak,  
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;  
And, as they traversed the smooth brine,  
The self-illuminated brigantine  
Shed, on the slumberer's cold wan cheek  
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they came  
 To the dim cavern, whence the river  
 Issued into the salt-sea flood,  
 Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,  
 Was thus accosted by the dame :  
 " Behold to thee my charge I now deliver !

" But where attends thy chariot—where ?"  
 Quoth Merlin, " Even as I was bidden,  
 So have I done ; as trusty as thy barge  
 My vehicle shall prove—O precious charge !  
 If this be sleep, how soft ! if death, how fair !  
 Much have my books disclosed, but the end is  
 hidden."

He spake, and gliding into view  
 Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber  
 Came two mute swans, whose plumes of dusky  
 white  
 Changed, as the pair approached the light,  
 Drawing an ebon car, their hue  
 {Like clouds of sunset} into lucid amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift  
 The princess, passive to all changes :  
 The car received her ; then up-went  
 Into the ethereal element  
 The birds with progress smooth and swift  
 As thought, when through bright regions memory  
 ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the slumberer's side,  
 Instructs the swans their way to measure ;  
 And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,  
 And notes of minstrelsy were heard

From rich pavilions spreading wide,  
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both knights and dames  
Ere on firm ground the car alighted ;  
Eftsoons astonishment was past,  
For in that face they saw the last |  
Last lingering look of clay, that tames  
All pride, by which all happiness is blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty king, fair lords,  
Away with feasts and tilt and tourney !  
Ye saw, throughout this Royal House,  
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous  
Of turrets, and a clash of swords  
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

"Lo ! by a destiny well known  
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow ;  
'This is the wished-for bride, the maid  
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed  
Where she by shipwreck had been thrown ;  
Ill sight ! but grief may vanish ere the morrow."

"Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,"  
Exclaimed the king, "a mockery hateful ;  
Dutiful child ! her lot how hard !  
Is this her piety's reward !  
'Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek !  
O winds without remorse ! O shore ungrateful !

"Rich robes are fretted by the moth ;  
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder ;  
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate  
A father's sorrow for her fate ?  
He will repent him of his troth ;  
His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

"Alas! and I have caused this wo ;  
For, when my prowess from invading neighbors  
Had freed his realm, he plighted word  
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,  
And his dear daughter on a knight bestow  
Whom I should choose for love and matchless  
labors.

"Her birth was heathen, but a fence  
Of holy angels round her hovered ;  
A lady added to my court  
So fair, of such divine report  
And worship, seemed a recompence  
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

"Ask not for whom, O champions true !  
She was reserved by me her life's betrayer ;  
She who was meant to be a bride  
Is now a corse ; then put aside  
Vain thoughts and speed ye, with observance due  
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close  
Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty ;  
Not froward to thy sovereign will  
Esteem me, liege! if I, whose skill  
Wafted her hither, interpose  
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

"My books command me to lay bare  
The secret thou art bent on keeping ;  
Here must a high attest be given,  
What bridegroom was for her ordained by  
heaven ;  
And in my glass significant there are  
Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping.

“For this, approaching one by one,  
Thy knights must touch the cold hand of the  
    virgin ;  
So, for the favored one, the flower may bloom  
Once more ; but, if unchangeable her doom,  
If life departed be forever gone  
Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerging,

May teach him to bewail his loss ;  
Not with a grief that, like a vapor, rises  
And melts ; but grief devout that shall endure  
And a perpetual growth secure  
Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,  
A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises.”

“So be it,” said the king ;—“anon,  
Here, where the princess lies, begin the trial :  
Knights each in order as ye stand  
Step forth.”—To touch the pallid hand  
Sir Agravaine advanced ; no sign he won  
From heaven or earth ;—Sir Kaye had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away ;  
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure ;  
Though he, devoutest of all champions, ere  
He reached that ebon car, the bier  
Whereon diffused like snow the damsel lay.  
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composure.

Imagine (but, ye saints ! who can ?)  
How in still air the balance trembled ;  
The wishes, peradventure the despites  
That overcome some not ungenerous knights ;  
And all the thoughts that lengthen out a span  
Of time to lords and ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here !  
And there how many bosoms panted !  
While drawing toward the car, Sir Gawaine,  
    mailed  
For tournament, his beaver vailed,  
And softly touched ; but, to his princely cheer  
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,  
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother,  
Came to the proof, nor grieved that there ensued  
No change ;—the fair Izonda he had wooed  
With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,  
From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot ;—from heaven's grace  
A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition ;  
The royal Guinever looked passing glad  
When his touch failed. Next came Sir Galahad ;  
He paused, and stood entranced by that still face  
Whose features he had seen in noontide vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream  
He rested 'mid an arbor green and shady,  
Nina, the good enchantress, shed  
A light around his mossy bed ;  
And at her call, a waking dream  
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,  
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with  
    ermine,  
As o'er the insensate body hung  
The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,  
Belief sank deep into the crowd  
That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange ; the youth had won  
That very mantle on a day of glory,  
The day when he achieved that matchless feat,  
The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,  
Which whosoe'er approached of strength was  
shorn,  
Though king or knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand,  
And lo ! those birds, far-famed through Love's  
dominions,  
'The swans, in triumph clap their wings ;  
And their necks play involved in rings,  
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land ;—  
" Mine is she," cried the Knight ;— again they  
clapped their pinions.

" Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,  
And to her name my soul shall cleave in sor-  
row ;"  
Whereat, a tender twilight streak  
Of color dawned upon the damsel's cheek ;  
And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,  
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,  
Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwin-  
ing,  
When, to the mouth, relenting death  
Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,  
Precursor to a timid sigh,  
To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze  
Upon the signs that pass away or tarry ;

In silence watched the gentle strife  
 Of Nature leading back to life ;  
 Then eased his soul at length by praise  
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen — the blissful  
 Mary.

Then said he, " Take her to thy heart  
 Sir Galahad ! a treasure that God giveth,  
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee  
 Through mortal change and immortality :  
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who art  
 A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liveth ! "

Not long the nuptials were delayed ;  
 And sage tradition still rehearses  
 The pomp, the glory of that hour  
 When toward the altar from her bower  
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,  
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses ; —

Who shrinks not from alliance  
 Of evil with good Powers,  
 To God proclaim defiance,  
 And mocks whom he adores.

A ship to Christ devoted,  
 From the land of Nile did go ;  
 Alas ! the bright ship floated,  
 An idol at her prow.

By magic domination,  
 The Heaven-permitted vent  
 Of purblind mortal passion,  
 Was wrought her punishment.

The flower, the form within it,  
What served they in her need ?  
Her port she could not win it,  
Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,  
And she was seen no more ;  
But gently, gently blame her,  
She cast a pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,  
And kept to him her faith,  
Till sense in death was darkened,  
Or sleep akin to death.

But angels round her pillow  
Kept watch a viewless band ;  
And, billow favoring billow,  
She reached the destined strand.

Blest pair ! whate'er befall you,  
Your faith in Him approve  
Who from frail earth can call you,  
To bowers of endless love !

## ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

WHILE from the purpling east departs  
 The star that led the dawn,  
 Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,  
 For May is on the lawn.  
 A quickening hope, a freshening glec,  
 Foreran the expected power,  
 Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,  
 Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes her whose sway  
 Tempers the year's extremes ;  
 Who scattereth lustres o'er noon day,  
 Like morning's dewy gleams ;  
 While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
 The tremulous heart excite ;  
 And hums the balmy air to still  
 The balance of delight.

Time was, blest power ! when youths and maids  
 At peep of dawn would rise,  
 And wander forth, in forest glades  
 Thy birth to solemnize.  
 Though mute the song — to grace the rite  
 Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
 Thy spirit triumphs e'er the slight ;  
 Man changes, but not thou !

Thy feathered lieges bill and wings  
 In love's disport employ,  
 Warmed by thy influence, creeping things  
 Awake to silent joy :

Queen art thou still for each gay plant  
Where the slim wild deer roves ;  
And served in depths where fishes haunt  
Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,  
Instinctive homage pay ;  
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath  
To honor thee, sweet May !  
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs  
Behold a smokeless sky,  
Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares  
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,  
The pole, from which thy name  
Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
Of song and dance and game,  
Still from the village-green a vow  
Aspires to thee addrest,  
Wherever peace is on the brow,  
Or love within the breast.

Yes ! where love nestles thou canst teach  
The soul to love the more ;  
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach  
That never loved before.  
Stript is the haughty one of pride,  
The bashful freed from fear,  
While rising, like the ocean-tide,  
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre ! weak words, refuse  
The service to prolong !

To yon exulting thrush the Muse  
Intrusts the imperfect song ;  
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,  
Throughout the live-long day,  
Till the first silver star appear,  
The sovereignty of May.

---

## TO MAY.

THOUGH many suns have risen and set  
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
And bards, who hailed thee, may forget  
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn ;  
There are who to a birthday strain  
Confine not harp and voice,  
But evermore throughout thy reign  
Are grateful and rejoice !

Delicious odors ! music sweet,  
Too sweet to pass away !  
Oh for a deathless song to meet  
The soul's desire — a lay  
That, when a thousand years are told,  
Should praise thee, genial power !  
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel — nor less,  
If yon ethereal blue  
With its soft smile the truth express,  
The heavens have felt it too.

The inmost heart of man if glad  
Partakes a livelier cheer ;  
And eyes that cannot but be sad  
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks  
Of hope that grew by stealth,  
How many wan and faded cheeks  
Have kindled into health !  
The old, by thee revived, have said,  
" Another year is ours ;"  
And wayworn wanderers, poorly fed,  
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song  
Amid his playful peers ?  
The tender infant who was long  
A prisoner of fond fears ;  
But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
Is quiet in its sheath,  
His mother leaves him free to taste  
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps  
Along the humblest ground ;  
No cliff so bare but on its steeps  
Thy favors may be found ;  
But most on some peculiar nook  
That our own hands have drest,  
Thou and thy train are proud to look,  
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth  
When May is whispering, " Come !  
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth  
The happiest for your home ;

Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread  
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,  
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
And on our turf-clad graves !"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs  
For lilies that must fade,  
Or "the rathe primrose as it dies  
Forsaken" in the shade !  
Vernal fruitions and desires  
Are linked in endless chase ;  
While, as one kindly growth retires,  
Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, has known  
Mishap by worm and blight ;  
If expectations newly blown  
Have perished in thy sight ;  
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,  
Were caught as in a snare ;  
Such is the lot of all the young,  
However bright and fair.

Lo ! Streams that April could not check  
Are patient of thy rule ;  
Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
Loitering in glassy pool :  
By thee, thee only, could be sent  
Such gentle mists as glide,  
Curling with unconfirmed intent,  
On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil  
Through which yon house of God  
Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale  
By few but shepherds trod !

And lowly huts, near beaten ways,  
No sooner stand attired  
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise  
Peep forth and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,  
Permit not for one hour  
A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
Nor add to it a flower !  
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
Of self-restraining art,  
This modest charm of not too much,  
Part seen, imagined part !

---

## INSCRIPTION.

THE massy ways, carried across these heights  
By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,  
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms.  
How venture then to hope that time will spare  
This humble walk ? Yet on the mountain's side  
A poet's hand first shaped it ; and the steps  
Of that same bard, repeated to and fro  
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies,  
Through the vicissitudes of many a year,  
Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its gray line.  
No longer, scattering to the heedless winds  
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,  
Shall he frequent these precincts ; locked no more  
In earnest converse with beloved friends,  
Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,

As from the beds and borders of a garden  
 Choice flowers are gathered ! But, if power may  
     spring

Out of a farewell yearning favored more  
 Than kindred wishes mated suitably  
 With vain regrets, the exile would consign  
 This walk, his loved possession, to the care  
 Of those pure minds that reverence the muse.

---

## ELEGIAC MUSINGS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL, THE SEAT OF THE  
 LATE SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.

[In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a  
 mural monument, the Inscription upon which, in deference to  
 the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to name,  
 dates, and these words :—"Enter not into judgment with  
 thy servant, O LORD !"]

With copious eulogy in prose and rhyme  
 Graven on the tomb we struggle against time,  
 Alas, how feebly ! but our feelings rise  
 And still we struggle when a good man dies :  
 Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,  
 A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.  
 Yet *here* at least, though few have numbered days  
 That shunned so modestly the light of praise,  
 His graceful manners, and the temperate ray  
 Of that arch fancy which would round him play,  
 Brightening a converse never known to swerve  
 From courtesy and delicate reserve ;



Shall stand a votive tablet, haply free,  
 When towers and temples fall, to speak of thee !  
 If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom  
 Recall not there the wisdom of the tomb,  
 Green ivy, risen from out the cheerful earth,  
 Shall fringe the lettered stone ; and herbs spring  
     forth,  
 Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,  
 Shall penetrate the heart without a wound ;  
 While truth and love their purposes fulfil,  
 Commemorating genius, talent, skill,  
 That could not lie concealed where thou wert  
     known ;  
 Thy virtues *He* must judge, and *He* alone,  
 The God upon whose mercy they are thrown.

---

EPITAPH.

By a blest husband guided, Mary came  
 From nearest kindred, \* \* \* \* \* her new name ;  
 She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride  
 Of happiness and hope, a youthful bride.  
 O dread reverse ! if aught *be* so, which proves  
 That God will chasten whom he dearly loves.  
 Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,  
 And troubles that were each a step to heaven :  
 Two babes were laid in earth before she died ;  
 A third now slumbers at the mother's side ;  
 Its sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford  
 A trembling solace to her widowed lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain  
 Of recent sorrow combated in vain ;  
 Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart  
 Time still intent on his insidious part,  
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,  
 Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep ;  
 Bear with him — judge *him* gently who makes  
                   known  
 His bitter loss by this memorial stone ;  
 And pray that in his faithful breast the grace  
 Of resignation find a hallowed place.

---

 INSCRIPTION.

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE GROUNDS OF RYDAL MOUNT.

In these fair vales hath many a tree  
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared ;  
 And from the builder's hand this stone,  
 For some rude beauty of its own,  
       Was rescued by the bard :  
 To let it rest, — and time will come  
       When here the tender-hearted  
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,  
       As one of the departed.

## INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Bruges town is many a street  
 Whence busy life hath fled ;  
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet,  
 The grass-grown pavement tread.  
 There heard we, halting in the shade  
 Flung from a convent-tower,  
 A harp that tuneful prelude made  
 To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,  
 Was fit for some gay throng ;  
 Though from the same grim turret fell  
 The shadow and the song.  
 When silent were both voice and chords  
 The strain seemed doubly dear,  
 Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words  
 Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve ;  
 And pinnacle and spire  
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,  
 Clothed with innocuous fire ;  
 But where we stood, the setting sun  
 Showed little of his state ;  
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,  
 'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,  
 Nor pity idly born,  
 If even a parting stranger sighs  
 For them who do not mourn.

Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,  
Captive, whoe'er thou be !  
Oh ! what is beauty, what is love,  
And opening life to thee ?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,  
A feeling sanctified  
By one soft trickling tear that stole  
From the maiden at my side ;  
Less tribute could she pay than this,  
Borne gaily o'er the sea,  
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss  
Of English liberty ?

---

### A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael ! if thy wings  
Might bear thee to this glen,  
With faithful memory left of things  
To pencil dear and pen,  
Thou wouldst forego the neighboring Rhine,  
And all his majesty,  
A studious forehead to incline  
O'er this poor family.

The mother — her thou must have seen,  
In spirit, ere she came  
To dwell these rifted rocks between,  
Or found on earth a name ;

An image, too, of that sweet boy,  
Thy inspirations give :  
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,  
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
How beautiful his eyes,  
That blend the nature of the star  
With that of summer skies !  
I speak as if of sense beguiled ;  
Uncounted months are gone,  
Yet am I with the Jewish child,  
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark brown curls, the brow,  
The smooth transparent skin,  
Refined, as with intent to show  
The holiness within ;  
The grace of parting infancy  
By blushes yet untamed ;  
Age faithful to the mother's knee,  
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet  
As flowers, stand side by side ;  
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat  
The Christian of his pride :  
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured  
Upon them not forlorn,  
Though of a lineage once abhorred,  
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite  
Of poverty and wrong,  
Doth here preserve a living light,  
From Hebrew fountains sprung ;

That gives this ragged group to cast  
Around the dell a gleam  
Of Palestine, of glory past,  
And proud Jerusalem !

---

## DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

“ Not to the earth confined,  
Ascend to heaven.”

WHERE will they stop, those breathing powers,  
The spirits of the new-born flowers ?  
They wander with the breeze, they wind  
Where'er the streams a passage find ;  
Up from their native ground they rise  
In mute aerial harmonies ;  
From humble violet, modest thyme  
Exhaled, the essential odors climb,  
As if no space below the sky  
Their subtile flight could satisfy :  
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride  
If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,  
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,  
That with moist virtue softly cleaves  
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,  
The birds pour forth their souls in notes  
Of rapture from a thousand throats,  
Here checked by too impetuous haste,  
While there the music runs to waste,

With bounty more and more enlarged,  
Till the whole air is overcharged  
Give ear, O man! to their appeal  
And thirst for no inferior zeal,  
Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth ; aspire ! aspire !  
So pleads the town's cathedral choir,  
In strains that from their solemn height  
Sink, to attain a loftier flight ;  
While incense from the altar breathes  
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths ;  
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds  
The taper lights, and curls in clouds  
Around angelic forms, the still  
Creation of the painter's skill,  
That on the service wait concealed  
One moment, and the next revealed.  
— Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,  
And for no transient ecstasies !  
What else can mean the visual plea  
Of still or moving imagery ?  
The iterated summons loud,  
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,  
Nor wholly lost upon the throng  
Hurrying the busy streets along ?

Alas ! the sanctities combined  
By art to unsensualize the mind,  
Decay and languish ; or, as creeds  
And humors change, are spurned like weeds :  
The solemn rites, the awful forms,  
Founder amid fanatic storms ;  
The priests are from their altars thrust,  
The temples levelled with the dust :

Yet evermore, through years renewed  
In undisturbed vicissitude  
Of seasons balancing their flight  
On the swift wings of day and night,  
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door  
Wide open for the scattered poor.  
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies  
Is wafted in mute harmonies ;  
And ground fresh cloven by the plough  
Is fragrant with a humbler vow ;  
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells  
Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
And vapors magnify and spread  
The glory of the sun's bright head ;  
Still constant in her worship, still  
Conforming to the almighty Will,  
Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
Her admonitions Nature yields ;  
That not by bread alone we live,  
Or what a hand of flesh can give ;  
That every day should leave some part  
Free for a sabbath of the heart ;  
So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

---

## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts ;  
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the su

## THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

[The subject of the following poem is from the *Orlandus* of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby ; and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgement, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time.]

You have heard " a Spanish Lady  
How she wooed an English Man ; " \*  
Hear now of a fair Armenian,  
Daughter of the proud Soldan ;  
How she loved a Christian slave, and told her pain  
By word, look, deed, with hope that he might love  
again.

" Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"  
Said she, lifting up her veil ;  
" Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,  
Ere it wither and grow pale."  
" Princess fair, I till the ground, but may not take  
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for  
your sake."

" Grieved am I, submissive Christian !  
To behold thy captive state ;  
Women, in your land, may pity  
(May they not ?) the unfortunate."  
" Yes, kind lady ! otherwise man could not bear  
Life, which to every one that breathes is full of care."

\* See, in *Percy's Reliques*, that fine old ballad, " The Spanish Lady's Love ; " from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted.

"Worse than idle is compassion  
If it end in tears and sighs ;  
Thee from bondage would I rescue  
And from vile indignities ;  
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high degree  
Look up — and help a hand that longs to set th  
free."

"Lady, dread the wish, nor venture  
In such peril to engage ;  
Think how it would stir against you  
Your most loving father's rage :  
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with shar  
Should troubles overflow on her from whom  
came."

"Generous Frank ! the just in effort  
Are of inward peace secure ;  
Hardships for the brave encountered,  
Even the feeblest may endure :  
If Almighty Grace through me thy chains unbi  
My father for slave's work may seek a slave  
mind."

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,  
My long-frozen heart grows warm !"  
"Yet you make all courage fruitless,  
Me to save from chance of harm :  
Leading such companion I that gilded dome,  
Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his wo  
home."

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess !  
And your brow is free from scorn,  
Else these words would come like mocke  
Sharper than the pointed thorn."

" Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too wide  
 apart  
 Our faith hath been, — O would that eyes could  
 see the heart! "

"Tempt me not, I pray ; my doom is  
 These base implements to wield ;  
 Rusty lance, I ne'er shalt grasp thee,  
 Ne'er assoil my cobwebb'd shield !  
 Never see my native land, nor castle towers,  
 Nor her who thinking of me there counts widow-  
 ed hours."

" Prisoner ! pardon youthful fancies ;  
 Wedded ! If you *can*, say no ! —  
 Blessed is and be your consort ;  
 Hopes I cherished let them go !  
 Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose free,  
 Without another link to my felicity."

" Wedded love with loyal Christians,  
 Lady, is a mystery rare ;  
 Body, heart, and soul in union,  
 Make one being of a pair."  
 "Humble love in me would look for no return,  
 Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot burn."

" Gracious Allah ! by such title  
 Do I dare to thank the God,  
 Him who thus exalts thy spirit,  
 Flower of an unchristian sod !  
 Or hast thou put off wings which thou in heaven  
 dost wear ?  
 What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt ? where  
 am I ? where ?"

Here broke off the dangerous converse :  
Less impassioned words might tell  
How the pair escaped together,  
Tears not wanting, nor a knell  
Of sorrow in her heart while through her father's  
door,  
And from her narrow world, she passed for ever-  
more.

But affections higher, holier,  
Urged her steps ; she shrank from trust  
In a sensual creed that trampled  
Woman's birthright into dust.  
Little be the wonder then, the blame be none,  
If she, a timid maid, hath put such boldness on.

Judge both fugitives with knowledge :  
In those old romantic days  
Mighty were the soul's commandments  
To support, restrain, or raise.  
Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,  
But nothing from their inward selves had they to  
fear.

Thought infirm ne'er came between them,  
Whether printing desert sands  
With accordant steps, or gathering  
Forest-fruit with social hands ;  
Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold  
moonbeam  
Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a crystal  
stream.

On a friendly deck reposing  
They at length for Venice steer ;

There, when they have closed their voyage,  
One, who daily on the pier  
Watched for tidings from the east, beheld his lord,  
'ell down and clasped his knees for joy, not utter-  
ing word.

Mutual was the sudden transport ;  
Breathless questions followed fast,  
Years contracting to a moment,  
Each word greedier than the last ;  
Hie thee to the countess, friend ! return with  
speed,  
And of this stranger speak by whom her lord was  
freed.

“ Say that I, who might have languished,  
Drooped and pined till life was spent,  
Now before the gates of Stolberg  
My deliverer would present  
For a crowning recompense, the precious grace  
Of her who in my heart still holds her ancient  
place.

“ Make it known that my companion  
Is of royal Eastern blood,  
Thirsting after all perfection,  
Innocent, and meek, and good,  
Though with misbelievers bred ; but that dark night  
All Holy Church disperse by beams of Gospel  
light.”

Swiftly went the gray-haired servant,  
Soon returned a trusty page  
Charged with greeting, benedictions,  
Thanks and praises, each a gage

For a sunny thought to cheer the stranger's woe  
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay

Fancy (while, to banners floating  
High on Stolberg's Castle walls,  
Deafening noise of welcome mounted,  
'Trumpets, drums, and atabols,)  
The devout embraces still, while such tears fell  
As made a meeting seem most like a dear farewell

Through a haze of human nature,  
Glorified by heavenly light,  
Looked the beautiful deliverer  
On that overpowering sight,  
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes stray  
For every tender sacrifice her heart had made

On the ground the weeping countess  
Knelt, and kissed the stranger's hand ;  
Act of soul-devoted homage,  
Pledge of an eternal band :  
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,  
Which with a generous shout, the crowd did raise

Constant to the fair Armenian,  
Gentle pleasures round her moved,  
Like a tutelary spirit  
Reverenced, like a sister, loved.  
Christian meekness smoothed for all the path of  
Who, loving most, should wisest love, their strife.

Mute memento of that union  
In a Saxon church survives,

Where a cross-legged knight lies sculptured  
As between two wedded wives —  
Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,  
And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while yet on  
earth.

---

## THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A rock there is whose homely front  
The passing traveller slights ;  
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,  
Like stars, at various heights ;  
And one coy primrose to that rock  
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
What kingdoms overthrown,  
Since first I spied that primrose-tuft  
And marked it for my own ;  
A lasting link in nature's chain  
From highest heaven let down !

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
Their fellowship renew ;  
The stems are faithful to the root,  
That worketh out of view ;  
And to the rock the root adheres  
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
Though threatening still to fall ;

The earth is constant to her sphere ;  
And God upholds them all :  
So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads  
Her annual funeral.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here closed the meditative strain ;  
But air breathed soft that day,  
The hoary mountain-heights were cheered.  
The sunny vale looked gay ;  
And to the primrose of the rock  
I gave this after-lay.

I sang, let myriads of bright flowers,  
Like thee, in field and grove  
Revive unenvied — mightier far  
Than tremblings that reprove  
Our vernal tendencies to hope  
Is God's redeeming love :

That love which changed, for wan disease,  
For sorrow that had bent  
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age,  
Their moral element,  
And turned the thistles of a curse  
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
The reasoning sons of men,  
From one oblivious winter called  
Shall rise, and breathe again ;  
And in eternal summer lose  
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
 This prescience from on high,  
 The faith that elevates the just,  
 Before and when they die ;  
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,  
 A court for Deity.

---

## PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right  
 Who deem that ye from open light  
 Retire in fear of shame ;  
 All *heaven-born* instincts shun the touch  
 Of vulgar sense, and, being such,  
 Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,  
 The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,  
 Were mine in early days ;  
 And now, unforced by time to part  
 With fancy, I obey my heart,  
 And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good,  
 Too potent over nerve and blood,  
 Lurk near you, and combine  
 To taint the health which ye infuse,  
 This hides not from the moral muse  
 Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided powers !  
 Comes faith that in auspicious hours  
 Builds castles, not of air ;

Bodings unsanctioned by the will  
Flow from your visionary skill,  
And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
That no philosophy can lift,  
Shall vanish, if ye please,  
Like morning mist; and, where it lay,  
The spirits at your bidding play  
In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move  
Through space, though calm, not raised above  
Prognostics that ye rule;  
The naked Indian of the wild,  
And haply, too, the cradled child,  
Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,  
Number their signs or instruments?  
A rainbow, a sunbeam,  
A subtile smell that spring unbinds,  
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,  
An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth  
With sighs of self-exhausted mirth  
Ye feelingly reprove;  
And daily, in the conscious breast,  
Your visitations are a test  
And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope  
To an exulting nation's hope,  
Oft, startled and made wise

By your low-breathed interpretations,  
The simply-meek foretaste the springs  
Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,  
Pervade the lonely ocean far  
As sail hath been unfurled ;  
For dancers in the festive hall  
What ghastly partners hath your call  
Fetched from the shadowy world !

'T is said, that warnings ye dispense,  
Embolden by a keener sense ;  
That men have lived for whom,  
With dread precision, ye made clear  
The hour that in a distant year  
Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight ! Yet there are  
Blest times when mystery is laid bare,  
Truth shows a glorious face,  
While on that isthmus which commands  
The councils of both worlds she stands,  
Sage spirits ! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to-scent  
All changes of the element,  
Whose wisdom fixed the scale  
Of natures, for our wants provides  
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,  
When lights of reason fail.

## THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE.

As often as I murmur here  
 My half-formed melodies,  
 Straight from her osier mansion near,  
 The turtledove replies :  
 Though silent as a leaf before,  
 The captive promptly coos ;  
 Is it to teach her own soft lore,  
 Or second my weak muse ?

I rather think, the gentle dove  
 Is murmuring a reproof,  
 Displeased that I from lays of love  
 Have dared to keep aloof ;  
 That I, a bard of hill and dale,  
 Have caroll'd, fancy free,  
 As if nor dove, nor nightingale,  
 Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,  
 Sweet bird ! to do me wrong ;  
 Love, blessed love, is everywhere  
 The spirit of my song :  
 'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,  
 Love animates my lyre ;  
 That coo again ! — 't is not to chide,  
 I feel, but to inspire.

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion, and the pride  
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present  
To house and home in many a craggy rent  
Of the wild peak; where new-born waters glide  
Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide  
As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
With every semblance of entire content;  
So kind is simple nature, fairly tried!  
Yet he whose heart in childhood gave her troth  
To pastoral dales, thin set with modest farms,  
May learn, if judgment strengthens with his growth,  
That, not for fancy only, pomp hath charms;  
And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms  
The extremes of favored life, may honor both.

---

DESPONDING father! mark this altered bough,  
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,  
Or moist with dews; what more unsightly now,  
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,  
Invisible? yet spring her genial brow  
Knits not o'er that discoloring and decay  
As false to expectation. Nor fret thou  
At like unlovely process in the May  
Of human life; a stripling's graces blow,  
Fade and are shed, that from their timely fall  
(Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may grow  
Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call;  
In *all* men, sinful is it to be slow  
To hope — in *parents*, sinful above all.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED,

AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring antiquarians search the ground  
Upturned with curious pains, the bard, a seer,  
Takes fire : — The men that have been reappear ;  
Romans for travel girt, for business gowned,  
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,  
In festal glee : why not ? For fresh and clear,  
As its hues were of the passing year,  
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that  
mound

Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,  
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil :  
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil  
Of tenderness — the wolf, whose suckling twins  
The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins  
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

---

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

WHEN human touch, as monkish books attest,  
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells  
Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,  
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest ;  
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble lady blest  
To rapture ! Mabel listened at the side  
Of her loved mistress : soon the music died,  
And Catherine said, " Here I set up my rest."

Warned in a dream, the wanderer long had sought  
A home that by such miracle of sound  
Must be revealed : — she heard it now, or felt  
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought ;  
And there, a saintly anchoress she dwelt  
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

---

### THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

[Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of the following Tale, affirms, that besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the Lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, was the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged wife of Peter the Great.]

#### PART I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes  
Like harebells bathed in dew,  
Of cheek that with carnation vies,  
And veins of violet hue ;  
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn  
A likening to frail flowers ;  
Yea, to the stars, if they were born  
For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,  
Stepped one at dead of night,  
Whom such high beauty could not guard  
From meditated blight ;

By stealth she passed, and fled as fast  
As doth the hunted fawn,  
Nor stopped, till in the dappling east  
Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,  
Seven nights her course renewed,  
Sustained by what her scrip might yield,  
Or berries of the wood ;  
At length, in darkness travelling on,  
When lowly doors were shut,  
The haven of her hope she won,  
Her Foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof  
I come," said she, "from far ;  
For I have left my father's roof,  
In terror of the Czar."  
No answer did the matron give,  
No second look she cast ;  
She hung upon the fugitive,  
Embracing and embraced.

She led her lady to a seat  
Beside the glimmering fire,  
Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,  
Prevented each desire :  
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,  
And on that simple bed,  
Where she in childhood had reposed,  
Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod,  
Whose curtain pine or thorn,  
Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,  
Who comforts the forlorn :

While over her the matron bent  
Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole  
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,  
And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the wanderer rose at morn,  
And soon again was dight  
In those unworthy vestments worn  
Through long and perilous flight ;  
And " O beloved nurse," she said,  
My thanks with silent tears  
Have unto Heaven and you been paid :  
Now listen to my fears !

" Have you forgot" — and here she smiled —  
" The babbling flatteries  
You lavished on me when a child  
Disporting round your knees ?  
I was your lambkin, and your bird,  
Your star, your gem, your flower ;  
Light words, that were more lightly heard  
In many a cloudless hour !

" The blossom you so fondly praised  
Is come to bitter fruit ;  
A mighty one upon me gazed ;  
I spurned his lawless suit,  
And must be hidden from his wrath :  
You, foster-father dear,  
Will guide me in my forward path ;  
I may not tarry here !

" I cannot bring to utter wo  
Your proved fidelity." —

"Dear child, sweet mistress, say not so !  
For you we both would die."  
"Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned  
And cheek embrowned by art ;  
Yet, being inwardly unstained,  
With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you, flee ?  
A poor man's counsel take ;  
The Holy Virgin gives to me  
A thought for your dear sake ;  
Rest shielded by our lady's grace ;  
And soon shall you be led  
Forth to a safe abiding-place,  
Where never foot doth tread."

---

## THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

### PART II.

THE dwelling of this faithful pair  
In a straggling village stood,  
For one who breathed unquiet air  
A dangerous neighborhood ;  
But wide around lay forest ground  
With thickets rough and blind ;  
And pine-trees made a heavy shade  
Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,  
Was spread a treacherous swamp,

On which the noonday sun shed light  
As from a lonely lamp ;  
And midway in the unsafe morass,  
A single island rose  
Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass  
Adorned and shady boughs.

The woodman knew, for such the craft  
This Russian vassal plied,  
That never fowler's gun, nor shaft  
Of archer, there was tried ;  
A sanctuary seemed the spot  
From all intrusion free ;  
And there he planned an artful cot  
For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread  
Of power's far-stretching hand,  
The bold good man his labor sped  
At nature's pure command ;  
Heart-soothed and busy as a wren,  
While, in a hollow nook,  
She moulds her sight-eluding den  
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,  
The twain ere break of day  
Creep forth, and through the forest wind  
Their solitary way ;  
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack  
Their pace from mile to mile,  
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,  
And reached the lonely isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed  
A bright and cheerful face ;  
And Ina looked for her abode,  
The promised hiding-place ;  
She sought in vain, the woodman smiled ;  
No threshold could be seen,  
Nor roof, nor window ; all seemed wild  
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,  
The front with such nice care  
Is masked, "if house it be or bower,"  
But in they entered are ;  
As shaggy as were wall and roof  
With branches intertwined,  
So smooth was all within, air-proof,  
And delicately lined.

And hearth was there, and maple dish  
And cups in seemly rows,  
And couch — all ready to a wish  
For nurture or repose ;  
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant  
That here she may abide  
In solitude, with every want  
By cautious love supplied.

No Queen, before a shouting crowd,  
Led on in bridal state,  
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,  
Entering her palace gate ;  
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,  
No saintly anchoress  
E'er took possession of her cell  
With deeper thankfulness.

'Father of all, upon thy care  
 And mercy am I thrown ;  
 Be thou my safeguard !" — such her prayer  
 When she was left alone,  
 Kneeling amid the wilderness  
 When joy had passed away,  
 And smiles, fond efforts of distress  
 To hide what they betray !

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,  
 Diffused through form and face,  
 Resolves devotedly serene,  
 That monumental grace  
 Of faith which doth all passions tame  
 That reason *should* control,  
 And shows in the untrembling frame  
 A statue of the soul.

---

## THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

## PART III.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy  
 That Phœbus wont to wear  
 "The leaves of any pleasant tree  
 Around his golden hair,"\*  
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
 Of his imperious love,  
 At her own prayer transformed, took root,  
 A laurel in the grove.

\* From Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.  
 See also his *Dedicatory Epistle* prefixed to the same work.

Then did the penitent adorn  
His brow with laurel green ;  
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn  
No meaner leaf was seen ;  
And poets sage, through every age,  
About their temples wound  
The bay ; and conquerors thanked the Gods,  
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling time  
So far runs back the praise  
Of beauty, that disdains to climb  
Along forbidden ways ;  
That scorns temptation ; power defies  
Where mutual love is not ;  
And to the tomb for rescue flies  
When life would be a blot.

To this fair votaress, a fate  
More mild doth Heaven ordain  
Upon her island desolate ;  
And words, not breathed in vain,  
Might tell what intercourse she found,  
Her silence to endear ;  
What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground  
Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute presence, above all,  
Her soothed affections clung,  
A picture on the cabin wall  
By Russian usage hung —  
The Mother-maid whose countenance bright  
With love abridged the day ;  
And, communed with by taper light,  
Chased spectral fears away.

as either guardian came,  
oy in that retreat  
y common friendship shame,  
gh their hearts would beat ;  
the lone recluse, whate'er  
brought, each visiting  
e the crowding of the year  
a new burst of spring.

en she of her parents thought,  
ang was hard to bear ;  
with all things not enwrought,  
trouble still is near.  
er flight she had not dared  
constancy to prove,  
ch the heroic daughter feared  
weakness of their love.

the past to them, and dark  
future still must be,  
ving Saints conduct her bark  
a safer sea —  
le nature close her eyes,  
set her spirit free  
e altar of this sacrifice,  
stal purity.

ien above the forest-glooms  
white swans southward passed,  
the pitch of their swift plumes  
fancy rode the blast ;  
re her tow'd the fields of France,  
father's native land,  
gle in the rustic dance,  
happiest of the band !

Of those beloved fields she oft  
Had heard her father tell  
In phrase that now with echoes soft  
Haunted her lonely cell ;  
She saw the hereditary bowers,  
She heard the ancestral stream ;  
The Kremlin and its haughty towers  
Forgotten like a dream !

---

## THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

## PART IV.

THE ever-changing moon had traced  
Twelve times her monthly round,  
When through the unfrequented waste  
Was heard a startling sound ;  
A shout thrice sent from one who chased  
At speed a wounded deer,  
Bounding through branches interlaced,  
And where the wood was clear.

The fainting creature took the marsh,  
And toward the island fled,  
While plovers screamed with tumult harsh  
Above his antlered head ;  
This, Ina saw ; and, pale with fear,  
Shrunk to her citadel ;  
The desperate deer rushed on, and near  
The tangled covert fell.

ss the marsh, the game in view,  
 re hunter followed fast,  
 paused, till o'er the stag he blew  
 death-proclaiming blast ;  
 resting on her upright mind,  
 me forth the maid — " In me  
 ld," she said, " a stricken hind  
 rsued by destiny !

on your deportment, sir ! I deem  
 at you have worn a sword,  
 will not hold in light esteem  
 suffering woman's word ;  
 e is my covert, there perchance  
 night have lain concealed,  
 ortunes hid, my countenance  
 t even to you revealed.

urs might be shed, and I might pray,  
 ouching and terrified,  
 what has been unveiled today,  
 ou would in mystery hide ;  
 will not defile with dust  
 e knee that bends to adore  
 God in heaven ; — attend, be just :  
 his ask I, and no more !

eak not of the winter's cold,  
 r summer's heat exchanged,  
 e I have lodged in this rough hold,  
 om social life estranged ;  
 ret of trouble and alarms :  
 gh Heaven is my defence ;  
 every season has soft arms  
 r injured innocence.

From Moscow to the wilderness

It was my choice to come,  
Lest virtue should be harborless,  
And honor want a home ;  
And happy were I, if the Czar  
Retain his lawless will,  
To end life here like this poor deer,  
Or a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the maid," the stranger cried,  
"From Gallic parents sprung,  
Whose vanishing was rumored wide,  
Sad theme for every tongue ;  
Who foiled an emperor's eager quest ?  
You, lady, forced to wear  
These rude habiliments, and rest  
Your head in this dark lair !"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled ;  
And in her face and mien  
The soul's pure brightness he beheld  
Without a veil between :  
He loved, he hoped, — a holy flame  
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears ;  
The passion of a moment came  
As on the wings of years.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"  
Exclaimed he ; "righteous Heaven,  
'Preparing your deliverance,  
To me the charge hath given.  
The Czar full oft in words and deeds  
Is stormy and self-willed ;  
But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,  
His violence is stilled.

"Leave open to my wish the course,  
And I to her will go ;  
From that humane and heavenly source,  
Good, only good, can flow."  
Faint sanction given, the cavalier  
Was eager to depart,  
Though question followed question, dear  
To the maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step, — his hopes, more light,  
Kept pace with his desires ;  
And the third morning gave him sight  
Of Moscow's glittering spires.  
He sued : — heart-smitten by the wrong,  
To the lorn fugitive  
The emperor sent a pledge as strong  
As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change ! If e'er  
Amazement rose to pain,  
And over-joy produced a fear  
Of something void and vain,  
'Twas when the parents, who had mourned  
So long the lost as dead,  
Beheld their only child returned,  
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love  
Within the maiden's breast :  
Delivered and deliverer move  
In bridal garments drest ;  
Meek Catherine had her own reward ;  
The Czar bestowed a dower ;  
And universal Moscow shared  
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground ; the nuptial feast  
Was held with costly state ;  
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,  
The foster-parents sate ;  
Encouraged by the imperial eye,  
They shrank not into shade ;  
Great was their bliss, the honor high  
To them and nature paid !

---

WHY art thou silent ! Is thy love a plant  
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
Of absence withers what was once so fair ?  
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant ?  
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant  
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care  
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
For nought but what my happiness could spare.,  
Speak, through this soft warm heart, once free to  
hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow  
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine ;  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may  
know !

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein  
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky  
As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,  
Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,  
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,  
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?  
Yes, there was one; — for one, asunder fly  
The thousand links of that ethereal chain;  
And green vales open out, with grove and field,  
And the fair front of many a happy home;  
Such tempting spots as into vision come  
While soldiers, of the weapons that they wield  
Weary and sick of strife-ful Christendom,  
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

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## TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill, Esq., for St John's College, Cambridge.]

Go, faithful portrait! and where long hath knelt  
Margaret, the saintly foundress, take thy place;  
And, if time spare the colors for the grace  
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,  
Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt  
And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem  
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,  
To think and feel as once the poet felt.  
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown  
Unrecognised through many a household tear,

More prompt, more glad to fall than drops of dew  
By morning shed around a flower half blown ;  
Tears of delight, that testified how true  
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear !

---

### GOLD AND SILVER FISHES, IN A VASE.

THE soaring lark is blest as proud  
When at heaven's gate she sings ;  
The roving bee proclaims aloud  
Her flight by vocal wings ;  
While ye, in lasting durance pent,  
Your silent lives employ  
For something " more than dull content  
Though haply less than joy."

Yet might your glassy prison seem  
A place where joy is known,  
Where golden flash and silver gleam  
Have meanings of their own ;  
While, high and low, and all about,  
Your motions, glittering elves !  
Ye weave — no danger from without,  
And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast  
Is your transparent cell ;  
Where fear is but a transient guest,  
No sullen humors dwell ;  
Where, sensitive of every ray  
That smites this tiny sea,  
Your scaly panoplies repay  
The loan with usury.

How beautiful! Yet none knows why  
This ever-graceful change,  
Renewed — renewed incessantly —  
Within your quiet range.  
Is it that ye with conscious skill  
For mutual pleasure glide;  
And sometimes, not without your will,  
Are dwarfed or magnified?

Fays — Genii of gigantic size —  
And now, in twilight dim,  
Clustering like constellated eyes  
In wings of cherubim,  
When they abate their fiery glare:  
Whate'er your forms express,  
Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are,  
All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;  
Your birthright is a fence  
From all that haughtier kinds endure  
Through tyranny of sense.  
Ah! not alone by colors bright  
Are ye to heaven allied,  
When, like essential forms of light,  
Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled  
*Day-thoughts* while limbs repose;  
For moonlight fascinations mild  
Your gift, ere shutters close;  
Accept, mute captives! thanks and praise;  
And may this tribute prove  
That gentle admirations raise  
Delight resembling love.

## LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE. \*)

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse."—COWLEY.

THOSE breathing tokens of your kind regard,  
 (Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard ;  
 Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling,  
 In lonely spots, become a slighted thing ;)  
 Those silent inmates now no longer share,  
 Nor do they need our hospitable care,  
 Removed in kindness from their glassy cell  
 To the fresh waters of a living well :  
 That spreads into an elfin pool opaque  
 Of which close boughs a glimmering mirror make,  
 On whose smooth breast with dimples light and  
                   small

The fly may settle, leaf or blossom fall.  
 — *There* swims, of blazing sun and beating shower  
 Fearless (but how obscured !) the golden power,  
 That from his bauble prison used to cast  
 Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast ;  
 And near him, darkling like a sullen gnome,  
 The silver tenant of the crystal dome ;

\*Addressed to a Friend ; the Gold and Silver Fishes having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount.

Dissevered both from all the mysteries  
Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.  
They pined, perhaps, they languished while they  
shone ;  
And, if not so, what matters beauty gone  
And admiration lost, by change of place  
That brings to the inward creature no disgrace ?  
But if the change restore his birthright, then,  
Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.  
Who can divine what impulses from God  
Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,  
From his poor inch or two of daisied sod ?  
O yield him back his privilege ! No sea  
Swells like the bosom of a man set free ;  
A wilderness is rich with liberty.  
Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep  
Your independence in the fathomless deep !  
Spread, tiny Nautilus, the living sail ;  
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale !  
If unproved the ambitious eagle mount  
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,  
Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,  
Till the world perishes, a field for thee !

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,  
And watch these mute companions, in the pool,  
Among reflected boughs of leafy trees,  
By glimpses caught—disporting at their ease—  
Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,  
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell  
Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell ;  
To wheel with languid motion round and round,  
Beautiful, yet in a mournful durance bound.  
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred ;  
On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred ;

And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?  
 No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.  
 When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,  
 They wore away the night in starless gloom ;  
 And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,  
 How faint their portion of his vital beams !  
 Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,  
 While not one joy of ours by them was shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now  
 To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow)—  
 Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,  
 Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,  
 Though fed with dainties from the snow-white  
 hand

Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,  
 But gladly would escape ; and, if need were,  
 Scatter the colors from the plumes that bear  
 The emancipated captive through blithe air  
 Into strange woods, where he at large may live  
 On best or worst which they and nature give ?  
 The beetle loves his unpretending track,  
 The snail the house he carries on his back :  
 The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown  
 The bed we give him, though of softest down ;  
 A noble instinct ; in all kinds the same,  
 All ranks ! What sovereign, worthy of the name,  
 If doomed to breathe against his lawful will  
 An element that flatters him—to kill,  
 But would rejoice to barter outward show  
 For the least boon that freedom can bestow ?

But most the bard is true to inborn right,  
 Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,

ults in freedom, can with rapture vouch  
 the dear blessings of a lowly couch,  
 natural meal — days, months, from nature's  
 hand ;

ie, place, and business, all at his command !  
 o bends to happier duties, who more wise  
 n the industrious poet, taught to prize,  
 ve all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed  
 ares in which simplicity is lost ?  
 t life — the flowery path which winds by  
 stealth,

ch Horace needed for his spirit's health ;  
 ed for, in heart and genius, overcome  
 noise and strife, and questions wearisome,  
 the vain splendors of imperial Rome ?  
 easy mirth his social hours inspire,  
 fiction animate his sportive lyre,  
 ned to verse that crowning light distress  
 a garlands cheat her into happiness ;  
 me the humblest note of those sad strains  
 vn forth by pressure of his gilded chains  
 chance sunbeam from his memory fell  
 n the Sabine farm he loved so well ;  
 when the prattle of Bandusia's spring  
 ated his ear — he only listening —  
 roud to please, above all rivals, fit  
 vin the palm of gaiety and wit ;  
 doubt not, with involuntary dread,  
 aking from each new favor to be shed,  
 he world's ruler, on his honored head !

a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
 earnest longings and regrets as keen  
 essed the melancholy Cowley, laid  
 ar a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade ;

A doleful howler for penitential song,  
Where man and muse complained of mutual  
wrong:

While Cam's ideal current glided by,  
And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,  
Cinacles dear to studious privacy.  
But fortune, who had long been used to sport  
With this tried servant of a thankless court,  
Relenting met his wishes; and to you  
The remnant of his days at least was true;  
You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best;  
You, muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest!  
But happier they who, fixing hope and aim  
On the humanities of peaceful fame,  
Enter battles with more than martial fire  
The generous course, aspire, and still aspire;  
Unbowed by warnings heeded not too late  
Strike the contradictions of their fate,  
And to one purpose cleave, their being's godlike  
man!

Thus, gifted friend, but with a placid brow  
That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy* vow;  
With modest scorn reject whate'er would blind  
The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged mind!  
Then, with a blessing granted from above  
To every act, word, thought, and look of love,  
Life's book for thee may lie unclosed, till age  
Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page.\*

\* There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realised: nor were the verses ever seen by the individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of

thirtytwo or thirtythree years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast ; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits ; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz., quickness in the motions of her mind, she was in the author's estimation unequalled.

## EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

## I.

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose  
 Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling dew.  
 Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none;  
 Look up a second time, and, one by one,  
 You mark them twinkling out with silvery light,  
 And wonder how they could elude the sight.  
 The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,  
 Warbled a while with faint and fainter powers,  
 But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:  
 Nor does the village church-clock's iron tone  
 The time's and season's influence disown;  
 Nine beats distinctly to each other bound  
 In drowsy sequence; how unlike the sound  
 That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear  
 On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear!  
 The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,  
 Had closed his door before the day was done,  
 And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,  
 And join his little children in their sleep.  
 The bat, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,  
 Flits and reflits along the close arcade;  
 Far-heard the dor-hawk chases the white moth  
 With burring note, which industry and sloth  
 Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.  
 Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more;  
 One boat there was, but it will touch the shore  
 With the next dipping of its slackened oar;  
 Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,  
 Might give to serious thought a moment's sway  
 As a last token of man's toilsome day!

## II.

Not in the lucid intervals of life  
That come but as a curse to party-strife ;  
Not in some hour when pleasure with a sigh  
Of languor puts his rosy garland by ;  
Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave  
Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave,  
Is nature felt, or can be ; nor do words,  
Which practised talent readily affords,  
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords,  
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move  
With genuine rapture and with fervent love  
The soul of genius, if he dares to take  
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake ;  
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent  
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.  
But who is innocent ? By grace divine,  
Not otherwise, O nature ! we are thine,  
Through good and evil thine, in just degree  
Of rational and manly sympathy.  
To all that earth from pensive hearts is stealing,  
And heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,  
Add every charm the universe can show  
Through every change its aspects undergo,  
Care may be respited, but not repealed ;  
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field,  
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,  
If he, through whom alone our conflicts cease,  
Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,  
Come not to speed the soul's deliverance ;  
To the distempered intellect refuse  
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

## III.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,  
Hints to the thrush 't is time for their repose;  
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again  
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;  
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse  
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,  
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest  
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,  
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,  
And a last game of mazy hoverings  
Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise  
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.  
O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song  
Might here be moved, till fancy grows so strong  
That listening sense is pardonably cheated  
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.  
Surely, from fairest spots of favored lands,  
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,  
This hour of deepening darkness here would be,  
As a fresh morning for new harmony:  
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of night;  
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,  
When the east kindles with the full moon's light.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,  
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;  
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,  
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear,  
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green vale  
Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet nightingale!

n the warm breeze that bears thee on alight  
 vill, and stay thy migratory flight ;  
 d, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount,  
 o shall complain, or call thee to account ?  
 wisest, happiest, of our kind are they  
 t ever walk content with nature's way,  
 's goodness measuring bounty as it may ;  
 whom the gravest thought of what they miss,  
 stening the fulness of a present bliss,  
 ith that wholesome office satisfied,  
 le unrepining sadness is allied  
 bankful bosoms to a modest pride.

---

 IV.

t as a cloud is yon blue ridge — the mere  
 ms firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,  
 l motionless ; and, to the gazer's eye,  
 per than ocean, in the immensity  
 its vague mountains and unreal sky !  
 , from the process in that still retreat,  
 n to minuter changes at our feet ;  
 erve how dewy twilight has withdrawn  
 o crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,  
 l has restored to view its tender green,  
 at, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath  
 their dazzling sheen.

An emblem this of what the sober hour  
 do for minds disposed to feel its power !  
 is oft, when we in vain have wish'd away  
 petty pleasures of the garish day,

Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host  
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)  
And leaves the disencumbered spirit free  
To reassume a staid simplicity.

'T is well — but what are helps of time and place,  
When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace ;  
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,  
Like angels from their bowers, our virtues to be-  
friend ;

If yet to-morrow, unbelied, may say,  
"I come to open out, for fresh display,  
The elastic vanities of yesterday ?"

---

## V.

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,  
And sky that danced among those leaves, are still ;  
Rest smooths the way for sleep ; in field and  
bower

Soft shades and dews have shed their blended  
power

On drooping eyelid and the closing flower ;  
Sound is there none at which the faintest heart  
Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition  
start ;

Save when the owlet's unexpected scream  
Pierces the ethereal vault ; and 'mid the gleam  
Of unsubstantial imagery — the dream,  
From the hushed vale's realities, transferred  
To the still lake, the imaginative bird  
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

Grave creature! whether, while the moon  
shines bright

On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,  
Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,  
Rising from what may once have been a lady's  
bower :

Or spied where thou sit'st moping in thy mew  
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew ;  
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod  
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,  
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,  
A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts ;  
May the night never come, the day be seen,  
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien !  
In classic ages men perceived a soul  
Of sapience in thy aspect, headless owl !  
Thee Athens revered in the studious grove ;  
And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,  
His eagle's favorite perch, while round him sate  
The gods revolving the decrees of fate,  
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side —  
Hark to that second larum ! far and wide  
The elements have heard, and rock and cave  
replied.

---

## VI.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,  
Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,  
Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,  
Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.

Look round ; — of all the clouds not one is moving ;

'T is the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.  
Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,  
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie : —  
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore !

No, 't is the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be !

Thou power supreme ! who, arming to rebuke  
Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,  
And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood  
Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,  
Whatever discipline thy will ordain  
For the brief course that must for me remain ;  
Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice  
In admonitions of thy softest voice !  
Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,  
Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,  
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere  
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear ;  
Glad to expand, and, for a season, free  
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in thee !

---

## VII.

( BY THE SEA-SIDE. )

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest  
And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest ;

Air slumbers — wave with wave no longer strives,  
Only a heaving of the deep survives,  
A tell-tale motion ! soon will it be laid,  
And by the tide alone the water swayed.  
Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild  
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled,—  
Such is the prospect far as sight can range;  
The soothing recompense, the welcome change.  
Where now the ships that drove before the blast,  
Threatened by angry breakers as they passed ;  
And by a train of flying clouds bemocked ;  
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked  
As on a bed of death ? some lodge in peace,  
Saved by his care who bade the tempests cease ;  
And some, too heedless of past danger, court  
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port ;  
But near, or hanging sea and sky between,  
Not one of all those winged powers is seen,  
Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard ;  
Yet oh ! how gladly would the air be stirred  
By some acknowledgement of thanks and praise,  
Soft in its temper as those vesper lays  
Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars  
Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores ;  
A sea-born service through the mountains felt  
Till into one loved vision all things melt :  
Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound  
The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound ;  
And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise  
With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.  
Hush, not a voice is here ! but why repine,  
Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine  
On British waters with that look benign ?

Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,  
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,  
 May *silent* thanks at least to God be given  
 With a full heart, "our thoughts are heard in  
 heaven!"

---

### VIII.

[The *former* of the two following Pieces appeared, many years ago, among the Author's poems, from which, in subsequent editions, it was excluded. It is here reprinted, at the request of a friend who was present when the lines were thrown off as an impromptu.

For printing the *latter*, some reason should be given, as not a word of it is original: it is simply a fine stanza of Akenside, connected with a still finer from Beattie, by a couplet of Thomson. This practice, in which the author sometimes indulges, of linking together, in his own mind, favorite passages from different authors, seems in itself unobjectionable: but, as the *publishing* such compilations might lead to confusion in literature, he should deem himself inexcusable in giving this specimen, were it not from a hope that it might open to others a harmless source of *private* gratification.]

THE sun has long been set,  
 The stars are out by twos and threes,  
 The little birds are piping yet  
 Among the bushes and trees;  
 There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,  
 And a far-off wind that rushes,  
 And a sound of water that gushes,

And the cuckoo's sovereign cry  
Fills all the hollow of the sky.

Who would "go parading"  
In London, "and masquerading,"  
On such a night of June  
With that beautiful soft half-moon,  
And all these innocent blisses,  
On such a night as this is ?

---

## IX.

THRONED in the sun's descending car  
What power unseen diffuses far  
This tenderness of mind ?  
What genius smiles on yonder flood ?  
What God in whispers from the wood  
Bids every thought be kind ?

O ever pleasing solitude,  
Companion of the wise and good,  
Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,  
Thy charms my only theme ;  
My haunt the hollow cliff whose pine  
Waves o'er the gloomy stream ;  
Whence the sacred owl on pinions gray  
Breaks from the rustling boughs,  
And down the lone vale sails away  
To more profound repose !

## THE LABORER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

UP to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And he accepts the punctual hymn  
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide :  
Then here reposing let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light  
We need not toil from morn to night ;  
The respite of the mid-day hour  
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestowed  
Upon the service of our God !

Why should we crave a hallowed spot !  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven ! the industrious sun  
Already half his race hath run ;  
*He* cannot halt nor go astray,  
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the east,  
If we have faltered or transgressed,  
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,  
What yet remains of this day's course :

Help with thy grace, through life's short day  
Our upward and our downward way ;  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink to final rest.

---

### A WREN'S NEST.

Among the dwellings framed by birds  
In field or forest with nice care,  
Is none that with the little wren's  
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,  
And seldom needs a labored roof ;  
Yet is it to the fiercest sun  
Impervious and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,  
In perfect fitness for its aim,  
That to the kind by special grace  
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek  
An opportune recess,  
The hermit has no finer eye  
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey walls,  
A canopy in some still nook ;  
Others are pent-housed by a brae  
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate  
Warbles by fits his low clear song ;  
And by the busy streamlet both  
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,  
Where, till the flitting bird's return,  
Her eggs within the nest repose,  
Like relics in an urn.

But still where general choice is good,  
There is a better and a best ;  
And, among fairest objects, some  
Are fairer than the rest ;

This, one of those small builders proved  
In a green covert, where, from out  
The forehead of a pollard oak,  
The leafy antlers sprout ;

For she who planned the mossy lodge,  
Mistrusting her evasive skill,  
Had to a primrose looked for aid  
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
And fixed an infant's span above  
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest  
The prettiest of the grove !

'The treasure proudly did I show  
To some whose minds without disdain  
Can turn to little things, but once  
Looked up for it in vain :

'Tis gone — a ruthless spoiler's prey,  
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,  
'Tis gone ! (so seemed it) and we grieved  
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by  
In clearer light the moss-built cell  
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,  
And felt that all was well.

The primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves ;  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb  
Thy quiet with no ill intent,  
Secure from evil eyes and hands  
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, mother-bird ! and when thy young  
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,  
When withered is the guardian flower,  
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,  
Amid the unviolated grove  
Housed near the growing primrose tuft  
In foresight, or in love.

## SONNETS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,  
IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of sonnets is a memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up to the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire, to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

### I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown  
And spread as if ye knew that days might come  
When ye would shelter in a happy home,  
On this fair mount, a poet of your own,  
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown  
To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade  
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid  
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self  
sown,  
Farewell! no minstrels now with harp new-strung  
For summer wandering quit their household  
bowers;  
Yet not for this wants poesy a tongue  
To cheer the itinerant on whom she pours  
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,  
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

## II.

Why should the enthusiast, journeying through  
    . this isle,  
Repine as if his hour were come too late?  
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,  
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,  
'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,  
And pleasure-grounds where taste, refined co-mate  
Of truth and beauty, strives to imitate,  
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.  
Fair land! by time's parental love made free,  
By social order's watchful arms embraced,  
With unexampled union meet in thee,  
For eye and mind, the present and the past;  
With golden prospect for futurity,  
If what is rightly revered may last.

---

## III.

THEY called thee merry England, in old time;  
A happy people won for thee that name  
With envy heard in many a distant clime;  
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same  
Endearing title, a responsive chime  
To the heart's fond belief, though some there are  
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare  
For inattentive fancy, like the lime  
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,  
This face of rural beauty be a mask

For discontent, and poverty, and crime ;  
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will ;  
Forbid it, Heaven ! — that “ merry England ” still  
May be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme !

---

## IV.

## TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening ! when huge stones  
Rumble along thy bed, block after block :  
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,  
Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans :  
But if thou (like Cocytus’ from the moans  
Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named !  
The mourner, thy true nature was defamed,  
And the habitual murmur that atones  
For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as Spring  
Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,  
Seats of glad instinct and love’s carolling,  
The concert, for the happy, then may vie  
With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony :  
To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

## V.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.<sup>2</sup>

Among the mountains were we nursed, loved  
stream!

Thou near the eagle's nest — within brief sail,  
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,  
Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the  
beam

Of human life when first allowed to gleam  
On mortal notice. — Glory of the vale,  
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,  
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam  
Of thy soft breath! — Less vivid wreath entwined  
Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was worn,  
Meed of some Roman chief — in triumph borne  
With captives chained; and shedding from his car  
The sunset splendors of a finished war  
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

## VI.

## IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH,

(WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS FATHER'S RE-  
MAINS ARE LAID.)

A POINT of life between my parent's dust,  
And your's, my buried little-ones! am I;  
And to those graves looking habitually  
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.

Death to the innocent is more than just,  
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent ;  
So may I hope, if truly I repent  
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must :  
And you, my offspring ! that do still remain,  
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,  
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain  
We breathed together for a moment's space,  
The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,  
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

---

## VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH  
CASTLE.

Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,  
Poet ! that, stricken as both are by years,  
We, differing once so much, are now compeers,  
Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink  
Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link  
United us ; when thou, in boyish play,  
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey  
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink  
Of light was there ;— and thus did I, thy tutor,  
Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the  
grave ;  
While thou wert chasing the wing'd butterfly  
Through my green courts ; or climbing, a bold  
suitor,  
Up to the flowers whose golden progeny  
Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.

## VIII.

## NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

cattle crowding round this beverage clear  
slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod  
encircling turf into a barren clod ;  
ough which the waters creep, then disappear,  
ne to be lost in Derwent flowing near ;  
o'er the brink, and round the limestone-cell  
a pure spring (they call it the "Nun's Well,"  
re that first struck by chance my startled ear)  
nder spirit broods — the pensive shade  
ritual honors to this fountain paid  
dooded votaries<sup>3</sup> with saintly cheer ;  
ait oft the Virgin-mother mild  
ked down with pity upon eyes beguiled  
the shedding of "too soft a tear."

## IX.

## TO A FRIEND,

(ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.)

TOR and patriot ! at whose bidding rise  
se modest walls, amid a flock that need  
one who comes to watch them and to feed  
xed abode, keep down presageful sighs.  
eats which the unthinking only can despise,

Perplex the church ; but be thou firm,—be true  
 To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,  
 Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice  
 Dost thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke  
 Of thy new hearth ; and sooner shall its wreaths,  
 Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,  
 From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,  
 And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain  
 This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

---

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

(LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON.4)

DEAR to the loves, and to the graces vowed,  
 The queen drew back the wimple that she wore ;  
 And to the throng how touchingly she bowed  
 That hailed her landing on the Cumbrian shore ;  
 Bright as a star (that, from a sombre cloud  
 Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,  
 When soft summer gale at evening parts  
 The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)  
 She smiled ; but time, the old Saturnian seer,  
 Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,  
 With step prelusive to a long array  
 Of woes and degradations hand in hand,  
 Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear  
 Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay !

## XI.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF  
CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-coom,  
In his lone course the shepherd oft will pause,  
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws  
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,  
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume  
Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws  
From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause  
He will take with him to the silent tomb :  
Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,  
Haply the untaught philosopher may speak  
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory  
That satisfies the simple and the meek,  
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak  
To cope with sages undevoutly free.

---

## XII.

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith was  
strong,  
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain  
These shores if he approached them bent on  
wrong ;  
For, suddenly up-conjured from the main,



## XIV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

"Dignum laude viram Musa vetat mori."

The feudal keep, the bastions of Cohorn,  
 when they rose to check or to repel  
 the waves of aggressive war, oft served as well  
 the greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn  
 the limits; but yon tower, whose smiles adorn  
 the perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;  
 its work it is of love and innocence,  
 a tower of refuge to the else forlorn.  
 Welcome it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,  
 struggling for life, into its saving arms!  
 Welcome, too, the human helpers! Do they stir  
 your fierce shock like men afraid to die?  
 Their dread service nerves the heart it warms,  
 and they are led by noble HILLARY.<sup>5</sup>

## XV.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

We stand we gazing on the sparkling brine  
 with wonder, smit by its transparency,  
 all enraptured with its purity?  
 Cause the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,  
 we ever in them something of benign;

Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,  
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye  
Of a young maiden, only not divine.  
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm  
For beverage drawn as from a mountain well :  
Temptation centres in the liquid calm ;  
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle  
To instantaneous plunging in, deep sea !  
And revelling in long embrace with thee.

---

## XVI.

## ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade  
On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,  
To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee  
Leapt from this rock, and surely, had not aid  
Been near, must soon have breathed out life,  
betrayed  
By fondly trusting to an element  
Fair, and to others more than innocent ;  
Then had sea-nymphs sung dirges for him laid  
In peaceful earth : for, doubtless, he was frank,  
Utterly in himself devoid of guile ;  
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile ;  
Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,  
Or deadly snare : and he survives to bless  
The power that saved him in his strange distress.

## XVII.

## RETIRED MARINE OFFICER, ISLE OF MAN.

pangs of grief for lenient time too keep,  
f that devouring waves had caused, nor guilt  
ch they had witnessed, swayed the man who  
built

homestead, placed where nothing could be  
seen,

ght heard of ocean, troubled or serene.  
ed ship-soldier on paternal land,  
: o'er the channel holds august command,  
dwelling raised, — a veteran marine ;  
, in disgust, turned from the neighboring sea  
hun the memory of a listless life  
: hung between two callings. May no strife  
a hurtful here beset him, doom'd, though free,  
doom'd to worse inaction, till his eye  
nk from the daily sight of earth and sky !

## XVIII.

## BY A RETIRED MARINER,

(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

m early youth I ploughed the restless main,  
mind as restless and as apt to change ;  
ough every clime and ocean did I range,  
ope at length a competence to gain ;

For poor to sea I went, and poor I still remain.  
Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,  
And hardships manifold did I endure,  
For fortune on me never deign'd to smile ;  
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,  
With just enough life's comforts to procure,  
In a snug cove on this our favored isle,  
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound ;  
Then sure I have no reason to complain,  
Though poor to sea I went, and poor I still remain.

---

## XIX.

## AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire  
And sound in principle, I seek repose  
Where ancient trees this convent-pile inclose,\*  
In ruin beautiful. When vain desire  
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire  
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,  
A gray-haired, pensive, thankful refugee,  
A shade but with some sparks of heavenly fire  
Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note  
The old tower's brow yellowed as with the beams  
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams  
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,  
I thank the silent monitor, and say  
" Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day !"

\* Rushen Abbey.

## XX.

## TYNWALD HILL.

on the top of Tynwald's formal mound  
marked with green turf circles narrowing  
above stage) would sit this island's king,  
laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned ;  
compassing the little mount around,  
trades and orders stood, each under each :  
like to things within fate's easiest reach,  
where power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.  
With yon cloud, old Snafell ! <sup>7</sup> that thine eye  
three realms may take its widest range ;  
yet, for them, thy fountains utter strange  
words, thy winds break forth in prophecy,  
the whole state must suffer mortal change,  
Iona's miniature of sovereignty.

## XXI.

AND who will — *I* heard a voice exclaim,  
though fierce the assault, and shatter'd the  
defence,  
not be that Britain's social frame,  
glorious work of time and providence,  
by a flying season's rash pretence,  
should fall ; that she, whose virtue put to shame,  
Europe prostrate lay, the conqueror's aim,

Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense  
 The cloud is ; but brings *that* a day of doom  
 To liberty ? Her sun is up the while,  
 That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone,  
 Then laugh, ye innocent vales ! ye streams, sweep  
                   on,  
 Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest isle  
 Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

---

 XXII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

(JULY 17, 1833.)

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,  
 Appeared the crag of Ailsa ; ne'er did morn  
 With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn  
 His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high :  
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,  
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,  
 Towering above the sea and little ships ;  
 For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,  
 Each for her haven ; with her freight of care,  
 Pleasure, or grief, and toil that seldom looks  
 Into the secret of tomorrow's fare ;  
 Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,  
 Or aught that watchful love to Nature owes  
 For her mute powers, fix'd forms, and transient  
                   shows.

## XXIII.

## ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

(IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

RRAN ! a single-crested Teneriffe,  
 St Helena next — in shape and hue,  
 trying her crowded peaks and ridges blue ;  
 'ho but must covet a cloud-seat or skiff  
 tilt for the air, or winged Hippogriff,  
 that he might fly, where no one could pursue,  
 'om this dull monster and her sooty crew ;  
 id, like a god, light on thy topmost cliff.  
 'potent wish ! which reason would despise  
 the mind knew no union of extremes,  
 o natural bond between the boldest schemes  
 mbition frames, and heart-humilities.  
 neath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,  
 id lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

## XXIV.

## ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE. 8

[See former series, p. 25.]

he captive bird was gone ; — to cliff or moor  
 chance had flown, delivered by the storm ;  
 he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm :  
 m found we not ; but, climbing a tall tower,

There saw impaved with rude fidelity  
 Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,  
 An eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—  
 An eagle that could neither wail nor soar.  
 Effigies of the vanished, (shall I dare  
 To call thee so?) or symbol of the past times,  
 That towering courage, and the savage deeds  
 Those times are proud of, take thou too a share,  
 Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes  
 That animate my way where'er it leads!

---

 XXV.

## THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

Nor to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;  
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,  
 Came and delivered him, alone he sped  
 Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.  
 Now, near his master's house in open view  
 He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,  
 Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,  
 Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,  
 Look to thy plumage and thy life! — The roe,  
 Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry;  
 Balanced in ether he will never tarry,  
 Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor bird! even so  
 Doth man of brother-man a creature make,  
 That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

## XXVI.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

W, but surely, in the motley crowd,  
ie of us has *felt*, the far-famed sight ;  
ould we feel it ? each the other's blight,  
d and hurrying, volatile and loud.  
those motions only that invite  
host of Fingal to his tuneful cave !  
 breeze entered, and wave after wave  
embosoming the timid light !  
y *one* votary who at will might stand  
g, and take into his mind and heart  
undistracted reverence, the effect  
se proportions where the Almighty hand  
nade the worlds, the sovereign architect,  
signed to work as if with human art !

---

## XXVII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA. 9

ts for the lessons of this spot — fit school  
e presumptuous thoughts that would assign  
nic laws to agency divine ;  
neasuring heaven by earth, would overrule  
 power. The pillared vestibule,  
ding yet precise, the roof embowed,  
seem designed to humble man, when proud

Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.  
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight  
Of tide and tempest on the structure's base,  
And flashing upwards to its topmost height,  
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace  
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight  
Of softest music some responsive place.

---

## XXVIII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy beings, that have rights and claims  
In every cell of Fingal's mystic grot,  
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,  
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin frames,  
And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names;  
And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod  
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,  
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes  
or aims.

Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;  
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law  
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they *saw*,  
Not by black arts but magic natural!  
If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,  
Yon light shapes forth a bard, that shade a chief.

## XXIX.

RS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT  
THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

niled when your nativity was cast,  
n of summer ! <sup>10</sup> Ye fresh flowers that brave  
ummer here escapes not, the fierce wave,  
ole artillery of the western blast,  
g the temple's front, its long-drawn nave  
, as if each moment were their last.  
bright flowers, on frieze and architrave  
, and once again the pile stands fast,  
the universe, from specular towers  
en contemplated by spirits pure —  
d their systems, diverse yet sustained  
etry, and fashioned to endure,  
the assaults of time with all his hours,  
upreme artificer ordained.

## XXX.

ona ! — What can she afford  
ve matter for a thoughtful sigh,  
over ruin with stability  
it contrast ? To diffuse the Word  
ramount, mighty nature ! and time's Lord)  
ples rose, 'mid pagan gloom ; but why,  
r a moment, has our verse deplored  
rongs, since they fulfilled their destiny ?

And when, subjected to a common doom  
Of mutability, those far-famed piles  
Shall disappear from both the sister isles,  
Iona's saints, forgetting not past days,  
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,  
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants the  
praise.

---

## XXXI.

## IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

With earnest look, to every voyager,  
Some ragged child holds up for sale his store  
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore  
Where once came monk and nun with gentle sti  
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.  
But see yon neat trim church, a grateful speck  
Of novelty amid this sacred wreck —  
Nay, spare thy scorn, haughty philosopher !  
Fallen though she be, this glory of the west,  
Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine ;  
And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright tha  
thine,  
A grace by thee unsought and unpossess,  
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine  
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest." 11

## XXXII.

## THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's Voyage among the Western Isles.]

HERE on their knees men swore : the stones were  
black,  
Black in the people's minds and words, yet they  
Were at that time, as now, in color gray.  
But what is color, if upon the rack  
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack  
Concord with oaths ? What differ night and day  
Then, when before the perjured on his way  
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack  
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer  
To saint, or fiend, or to the Godhead whom  
He had insulted — peasant, king, or thane.  
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom ;  
And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,  
Come links for social order's awful chain.

## XXXIII.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's cell,  
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark  
(Kindled from heaven between the light and dark  
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell ! —  
Remote St. Kilda, art thou visible ?  
No — but farewell to thee, beloved sea-mark  
For many a voyage made in fancy's bark,

When, with more hues than in the rainbow dwell  
 Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold ;  
 Extracting from clear skies and air serene,  
 And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,  
 That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with  
 fold.

Makes known when thou no longer canst be seen,  
 Thy wherabout, to warn the approaching sail.

## XXXIV.

## GREENOCK.

*Per me si va nella Città dolente.*

*We* have not passed into a doleful city,  
 We who were led today down a grim dell,  
 By some too boldly named " the Jaws of Hell :"  
 Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity ?  
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty.  
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,  
 Sorrow seems here excluded ; and that knell,  
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.  
 Too busy mart ! thus fared it with old Tyre,  
 Whose merchants princes were, whose decks  
 were thrones :

Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire  
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde  
 Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,  
 The poor, the lonely herdsman's joy and pride.

## XXXV.

"THERE!" said a stripling, pointing with meet  
pride  
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,  
"Is Mossiel farm; and that 's the very field  
Where Burns ploughed up the daisy." Far and  
wide  
A plain below stretched sea-ward, while, descried  
Above sea-clouds, the peaks of Arran rose;  
And, by that simple notice, the repose  
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.  
Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or stone,"  
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower  
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour  
Have passed away, less happy than the one  
That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove  
The tender charm of poetry and love.

---

## XXXVI.

## FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE lovers took within this ancient grove  
Their last embrace; beside those crystal springs  
The hermit saw the angel spread his wings  
For instant flight; the sage in yon alcove  
Sate musing; on that hill the bard would rove,  
Not mute, where now the linnet only sings:  
Thus every where to truth tradition clings,

Or fancy localizes powers we love.  
Were only history licensed to take note  
Of things gone by, her meagre monuments  
Would ill suffice for persons and events :  
There is an ampler page for man to quote,  
A readier book of manifold contents,  
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

---

## XXXVII.

## THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed  
By glimpses only, and confess with shame  
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,  
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name:  
Yet fetched from paradise <sup>12</sup> that honor came,  
Rightfully borne ; for nature gives thee flowers  
That have no rivals among British bowers ;  
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.  
Measuring thy course, fairstream ! at length I pay  
To my life's neighbor dues of neighborhood ;  
But I have traced thee on thy winding way  
With pleasure sometimes by the thought restrained  
That things far off are toiled for, while a good  
Not sought, because too near, is seldom gained.

## XXXVIII.

SONNET OF MRS HOWARD, BY NOLLEKINS,

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE BANKS OF THE  
RIVER URE.

LIES on the dying mother's lap, lies dead  
The unborn babe, dire issue of bright hope !  
Captured here, with the divinest scope  
Of pious faith, heavenward hath raised that  
Dead  
Naturally ; and through one hand has spread  
So tender for the insensate child,  
Ingering love to parting reconciled,  
Parting — for the spirit is all but fled !  
Who contemplate the turns of life .  
In this still medium, are consoled and  
Cheered ;  
In the mother, think the severed wife  
To be lamented than revered ;  
In that art, triumphant over strife  
In, hath powers to eternity endeared.

## XXXIX.

UTILITY ! the sovereign aim wert thou  
In schools of philosophic lore ;  
Sicken by stern destiny of yore  
Thy muse thee served with thoughtful vow ;

And what of hope Elysium could allow  
 Was fondly seized by sculpture, to restore  
 Peace to the mourner's soul ; but he who won  
 The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow  
 Warmed our sad being with his glorious light  
*Then* arts, which still had drawn a softening gr  
 From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,  
 Communed with that idea face to face ;  
 And move round it now as planets run,  
 Each in its orbit, round the central sun.

---

## XL.

## NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be w  
 Down from the Pennine Alps\* how fiercely swe  
 CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary !

He raves, or through some moody passage cre  
 Plotting new mischief — out again he leaps  
 Into broad light, and sends through regions ai  
 That voice which smoothed the nuns while on  
 steeps

They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary  
 That union ceased : then, cleaving easy walks  
 Through crags, and soothing paths beset  
 danger,

Came studious taste ; and many a pensive str  
 Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.

\* The chain of Crossfell, which parts Cumberland  
 Westmoreland from Northumberland and Durham.

What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell?  
Canal, and viaduct, and railway, tell ! 13

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## XLI.

## STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and means, on land and sea at war  
With old poetic feeling, not for this,  
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss !  
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar  
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar  
To the mind's gaining that prophetic sense  
Of future change, that point of vision whence  
May be discovered what in soul ye are.  
In spite of all that beauty may disown  
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace  
Her lawful offspring in man's art ; and time,  
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother space,  
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown  
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

---

## XLII.

LOWTHER ! in thy majestic pile are seen  
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord  
With the baronial castle's sterner mien ;  
Union significant of God adored,

And charters won and guarded by the sword  
 Of ancient honor ; whence that goodly state  
 Of polity which wise men venerate,  
 And will *maintain*, if God his help afford.  
 Hourly the democratic torrent swells ;  
 For airy promises and hopes suborned  
 The strength of backward-looking though  
                   scorned.

Fall if ye must, ye towers and pinnacles,  
 With what ye symbolise, authentic story  
 Will say, ye disappeared with England's glori

## XLIII.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE. 14

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE ! it were unworthy of a guest,  
 Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,  
 If he should speak, by fancy touched, of sig  
 On thy abode harmoniously imprest,  
 Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest  
 How in thy mind and moral frame agree  
 Fortitude and that Christian charity  
 Which, filling, consecrates the human breast  
 And if the motto on thy 'scutcheon teach  
 With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE M  
*That* searching test thy public course has sto  
 As will be owned alike by bad and good,  
 Soon as the measuring of life's little span  
 Shall place thy virtues out of envy's reach.

## XLIV.

TO CORDELIA M——,

HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

the mines beyond the western main,  
 all me, Delia ! was the metal sought,  
 a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought  
 a flexible yet faithful chain ;  
 it silver of romantic Spain  
 y, but from Helvellyn's depths was brought,  
 vn domestic mountain. Thing and thought  
 tangely ; trifles light, and partly vain,  
 op, as you have learnt, our nobler being ;  
 dy, while about your neck is wound  
 casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,  
 witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,  
 in it, memory's helper, fancy's lord,  
 acious tremblings in your bosom found !

---

## XLV.

CONCLUSION.

weet it is with unuplifted eyes  
 e the ground, if path be there or none,  
 a fair region round the traveller lies  
 he forbears again to look upon ;

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
If thought and love desert us from that day,  
Let us break off all commerce with the mus  
With thought and love companions of our v  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,  
The mind's internal heaven shall shed her d  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

## NOTES.

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*The River Greta.* Page 132.

1 "But if thou, like Cocytus," &c.

MANY years ago, when the author was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembles a great A." But Dr Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the north of England, "*to greet*;" signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping; a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up *that* name till within three miles of its disappearance in the river Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in

high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr Southey in his *Colloquies*, "where it passes under the woody side of La rigg, is of the finest and most rememberable kind:—

—' ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque,  
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas.' "

2 *To the River Derwent.* Page 133.

This sonnet has already appeared in several editions of the author's poems; but he is tempted to reprint it in this place, as a natural introduction to the two that follow it.

*Nun's Well, Brigham.* Page 135.

3 "By hooded votaries," &c.

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.

4 *Mary Queen of Scots landing at Workington.* Page 13

"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland, and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.

*Douglas Bay, Isle of Man.* Page 139.

## 5 "They are led by noble Hillary."

The TOWER of REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary: and he also was the founder of the life-boat establishment, at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.

6 *By a retired Mariner.* Page 141.

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with the author who hopes, as it falls so easy into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

*Tynwald Hill.* Page 143.

## 7 "Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!"

The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley, as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since, most happy kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance!

8 *On revisiting Donolly Castle.* Page 145.

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as the author afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some laborers employed about the place.

9 *Cave of Staffa.* Page 147.

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steamboat, the author returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favorable to those imagined in the first sonnet, which it so wonderfully fitted to make on the mind.

*Sonnet 29.* Page 149.

10 "Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,  
Children of summer!"

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the white-eyed daisy. The author had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the west coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

11 *Iona.* Page 150.

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying the author's feelings better than any words of his own could do.

*The River Eden.* Page 154.

## 12 "Yet fetched from Paradise," &amp;c.

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighborhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, *a valley*? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Eamont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea.

*Nunnery.* Page 157.

## 13 "Canal, and viaduct, and railway tell!"

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.

14 *To the Earl of Lonsdale.* Page 158.

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF ———.  
Nov. 5. 1834.

LADY ! a pen, perhaps, with thy regard,  
Among the favored, favored not the least,  
Left, 'mid the records of this book inscribed,  
Deliberate traces, registers of thought  
And feeling, suited to the place and time  
That gave them birth : — months passed, and still  
    this hand,  
That had not been too timid to imprint  
Words which the virtues of thy lord inspired,  
Was yet not bold enough to write of thee.  
And why that scrupulous reserve ? In sooth  
The blameless cause lay in the theme itself.  
Flowers are there many that delight to strive  
With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,  
Yet are by nature careless of the sun  
Whether he shine on them or not ; and some,  
Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,  
Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams :  
Others do rather from their notice shrink,  
Loving the dewy shade, — a humble band,  
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,  
Congenial with thy mind and character,  
High-born Augusta !

Towers, and stately groves,  
Bear witness for me ; thou, too, mountain-stream,  
From thy most secret haunts ; and ye, parterres,  
Which she is pleased and proud to call her own ;

Witness how oft upon my noble friend  
*Mute* offerings, tribute from an inward sense  
Of admiration and respectful love,  
Have waited, till the affections could no more  
Endure that silence, and broke out in song ;  
Snatches of music taken up and dropt  
Like those self-solacing those under notes  
Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves  
Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,  
The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,  
Checked, in ~~the~~ moment of its issue checked ;  
And reprehended by a fancied blush  
From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus virtue lives debarred from virtue's meed  
Thus, lady, is retiredness a veil  
That, while it only spreads a softening charm  
O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,  
Hides half their beauty from the common gaze ;  
And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill  
Of lofty station, female goodness walks,  
When side by side with lunar gentleness,  
As in a cloister. Yet the grateful poor  
(Such the immunities of low estate,  
Plain nature's enviable privilege,  
Her sacred recompence for many wants)  
Open their hearts before thee, pouring out  
All that they think and feel, with tears of joy ;  
And benedictions not unheard in heaven :  
And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is  
free  
To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the book receive in these prompt lines  
A just memorial ; and thine eyes consent

To read that they, who mark thy course, behold  
A life declining with the golden light  
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves ;  
See cheerfulness undamped by stealing time ;  
See studied kindness flow with easy stream,  
Illustrated with inborn courtesy ;  
And an habitual disregard of self  
Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the verse not tell of lighter gifts  
With these ennobling attributes conjoined  
And blended, in peculiar harmony,  
By youth's surviving spirit ? What agile grace !  
A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,  
Beheld with wonder ; whether floor or path  
Thou tread, or on the managed steed art borne,  
Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,  
Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.

Yet one word more — one farewell word — a  
wish  
Which came, but it has passed into a prayer,  
That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,  
So, at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes  
Whose tender love, here faltering on the way  
Of a diviner love, will be forgiven, —  
So may it set in peace, to rise again  
For everlasting glory won by faith.

## THE SOMNAMBULIST.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's tower \*  
 At eve ; how softly then  
 Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,  
 'Speak from the woody glen !  
 Fit music for a solemn vale !  
 And holier seems the ground  
 To him who catches on the gale  
 The spirit of a mournful tale  
 Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon  
 The pleasure-house is reared,  
 As story says, in antique days,  
 A stern-brow'd house appeared ;  
 Foil to a jewel rich in light  
 There set, and guarded well ;  
 Cage for a bird of plumage bright,  
 Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight  
 Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright bird from her cage,  
 To make this gem their own,  
 Came barons bold, with store of gold,  
 And knights of high renown ;  
 But one she prized, and only one ;  
 Sir Eglamore was he ;  
 Full happy season, when was known,  
 Ye dales and hills ! to you alone  
 Their mutual loyalty —

\* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FORCE is the word used in the Lake District for Water-fall.

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,  
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;  
Where passion caught what nature taught,  
That all but love is folly;  
Where fact with fancy stooped to play,  
Doubt came not, nor regret;  
To trouble hours that winged their way,  
As if through an immortal day  
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times love dwelt not long  
Sequestered with repose;  
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,  
Fanned by the breath of foes.  
"A conquering lance is beauty's test  
And proves the lover true;"  
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed  
The drooping Emma to his breast,  
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted. — Well with him it fared  
Through wide-spread regions errant;  
A knight of proof in love's behoof,  
The thirst of fame his warrant:  
And she her happiness can build  
On woman's quiet hours;  
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,  
The solace beads and masses yield,  
And needle work and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard  
Her champion's praise recounted;  
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,  
And high her blushes mounted;

Or when a bold heroic lay  
She warbled from full heart :  
Delightful blossoms for the *May*  
Of absence ! but they will not stay,  
Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills  
Whatever path he chooses ;  
As if his orb, that owns no curb,  
Received the light hers loses.  
He comes not back ; an ampler space  
Requires for nobler deeds ;  
He ranges on from place to place,  
Till of his doings is no trace  
But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past  
Her spirit finds its centre ;  
Clear sight she has of what he was,  
And that would now content her.  
“ Still is he my devoted knight ? ”  
The tear in answer flows ;  
Month falls on month with heavier weight ;  
Day sickens round her, and the night  
Is empty of repose.

In sleep she sometimes walked abroad,  
Deep sighs with quick words blending,  
Like that pale queen whose hands are seen  
With fancied spots contending ;  
But *she* is innocent of blood, —  
The moon is not more pure  
That shines aloft, while through the wood  
She thrids her way, the sounding flood  
Her melancholy lure !

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,  
And owls alone are waking,  
In white arrayed, glides on the maid,  
The downward pathway taking,  
That leads her to the torrent's side  
And to a holly bower ;  
By whom on this still night descried ?  
By whom in that lone place espied ?  
By thee, Sir Eglamore !

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,  
His coming step has thwarted,  
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,  
Within whose shade they parted.  
Hush, hush, the busy sleeper see !  
Perplexed her fingers seem,  
As if they from the holly tree  
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly  
Flung from her to the stream.

What means the spectre ? Why intent  
To violate the tree,  
Thought Eglamore, by which I swore  
Unfading constancy ?  
Here am I, and tomorrow's sun,  
To her I left, shall prove  
That bliss is ne'er so surely won  
As when a circuit has been run  
Of valor, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,  
He moved with stealthy pace ;  
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,  
He recognised the face ;

And whispers caught, and speeches small  
Some to the green-leaved tree,  
Some muttered to the torrent-fall, —  
“ Roar on, and bring him with thy call ;  
I heard, and so may he ! ”

Soul-shattered was the knight, nor knew  
If Emma's ghost it were,  
Or boding shade, or if the maid  
Her very self stood there.  
He touched, what followed who shall tell ?  
The soft touch snapped the thread  
Of slumber — shrieking back she fell,  
And the stream whirled her down the dell  
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the knight ! when on firm ground  
The rescued maiden lay,  
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,  
Confusion passed away ;  
She heard, ere to the throne of grace  
Her faithful spirit flew,  
His voice ; beheld his speaking face,  
And, dying, from his own embrace,  
She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life :  
Brief words may speak the rest :  
Within the dell he built a cell,  
And there was sorrow's guest ;  
In hermit's weeds repose he found,  
From vain temptations free ;  
Beside the torrent dwelling — bound  
By one deep heart-controlling sound  
And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,  
 Nor fear memorial lays,  
 Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,  
 Are edged with golden rays!  
 Dear art thou to the light of Heaven,  
 Though minister of sorrow;  
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;  
 And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,  
 Shall take thy place with Yarrow!

## TO ———,

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

"Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis  
 Navita; nudus humi jacet," &c.—*Lucretius*.

LIKE a shipwreck'd sailor tost  
 By rough waves on a perilous coast,  
 Lies the babe, in helplessness  
 And in tenderest nakedness,  
 Flung by laboring nature forth  
 Upon the mercies of the earth.  
 Can its eyes beseech? no more  
 Than the hands are free to implore:  
 Voice but serves for one brief cry,  
 Plaint was it? or prophecy  
 Of sorrow that will surely come?  
 Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O mother! by the close  
 Duly granted to thy throes;

By the silent thanks now tending  
Incense-like to Heaven, descending  
Now to mingle and to move  
With the gush of earthly love,  
As a debt to that frail creature,  
Instrument of struggling nature  
For the blissful calm, the peace  
Known but to this *one* release ;  
Can the pitying spirit doubt  
That for human-kind springs out  
From the penalty a sense  
Of more than mortal recompence ?

As a floating summer cloud,  
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,  
To the sun-burnt traveller,  
Or the stooping laborer,  
Ofttimes makes its bounty known  
By its shadows round him thrown ;  
So, by chequerings of sad cheer,  
Heavenly guardians, brooding near,  
Of their presence tell — too bright  
Haply for corporeal sight !  
Ministers of grace divine  
Feelingly their brows incline  
O'er this seeming castaway  
Breathing, in the light of day,  
Something like the faintest breath  
That has power to baffle death —  
Beautiful, while very weakness  
Captivates like passive meekness !

And, sweet mother! under warrant  
Of the universal Parent,  
Who repays in season due  
Them who have, like thee, been true  
To the filial chain let down  
From his everlasting throne,  
Angels hovering round thy couch,  
With their softest whispers vouch,  
That, whatever griefs may fret,  
Cares entangle, sins beset  
This thy first-born, and with tears  
Stain her cheek in future years,  
Heavenly succor, not denied  
To the babe, whate'er betide,  
Will to the woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;  
Blest the starry promises,  
And the firmament benign  
Hallowed be it, where they shine!  
Yes, for them whose souls have scope  
Ample for a winged hope,  
And can earthward bend an ear  
For needful listening, pledge is here,  
That, if thy new-born charge shall tread  
In thy footsteps, and be led  
By that other guide, whose light  
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,  
Gave him first the wished-for part  
In thy gentle virgin heart,  
Then, amid the storms of life  
Presignified by that dread strife  
Whence ye have escaped together,  
She may look for serene weather;

In all trials sure to find  
 Comfort for a faithful mind ;  
 Kindlier issues, holier rest,  
 Than even now await her prest,  
 Conscious nursling, to thy breast !

## THE WARNING,

## A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

MARCH, 1833.

LIST, the winds of March are blowing ;  
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing  
 Their meek heads to the nipping air,  
 Which ye feel not, happy pair !  
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.  
 We, meanwhile, our hope will keep ;  
 And if time leagued with adverse change  
 (Too busy fear !) shall cross its range,  
 Whatsoever check they bring,  
 Anxious duty hindering,  
 To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds  
 Upon each home-event as life proceeds,  
 Affections pure and holy in their source  
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course ;  
 Hopes that within the father's heart prevail,  
 Are in the experienced grandsire's slow to fail ;  
 And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings  
 To his grave touch with no unready strings,

While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,  
And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow.

Thanks to the powers that yet maintain their  
    sway,  
And have renewed the tributary lay.  
Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,  
And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace;  
Swift as the rising sun his beams extends  
She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;  
Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove  
For the unconscious babe an unbelated love!)  
But from this peaceful centre of delight  
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight.  
She rivals the fleet swallow, making rings  
In the smooth lake where'er he dips his wings:  
— Rapt into upper regions, like the bee  
That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee;  
Or like the warbling lark intent to shroud  
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,  
She soars — and here and there her pinions rest  
On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest  
With a new visitant, an infant guest —  
Towers where red streamers float the breezy sky  
In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,  
When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells  
Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells  
Catch the blithe music as it sinks or swells;  
And harbored ships, whose pride is on the sea,  
Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,  
Honoring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ills assigned  
By nature, nor reviewing in the mind  
The track that was, and is, and must be, worn  
With weary feet by all of woman born) —

Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,  
Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved ?  
Not he, whose last faint memory will command  
The truth that Britain was his native land ;  
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide  
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died ;  
Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown  
With rapture thrilled ; whose youth revered the  
crown

Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,  
Alfred, dear babe, thy great progenitor !  
— Not he, who from her mellowed practice drew  
His social sense of just, and fair, and true ;  
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France  
Rash polity begin her maniac dance,  
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,  
Nor grieved to see, (himself not unbeguiled) —  
Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,  
And learn how sanguine expectations fade  
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed, —  
To see presumption, turning pale, refrain  
From further havoc, but repent in vain, —  
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road  
Where guilt had urged them on, with ceaseless  
goad,

Till indiscriminating ruin swept  
The land, and wrong perpetual vigils kept ;  
With proof before her that on public ends  
Domestic virtue virtually depends.

Can such a one, dear babe ! though glad and  
proud

To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd  
Into his English breast, and spare to quake  
Not for his own, but for thy innocent sake ?

Too late — or, should the providence of God  
Lead, through blind ways by sin and sorrow trod,  
Justice and peace to a secure abode,  
'Too soon — thou com'st into this breathing world ;  
Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.  
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering realm ?  
What hand suffice to govern the state-helm ?  
If, in the aims of men, the surest test  
Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest)  
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,  
For compassing the end, else never gained ;  
Yet governors and govern'd both are blind  
To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind :  
If to expedience principle must bow ;  
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent  
now ;

If cowardly concession still must feed  
The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede ;  
If generous loyalty must stand in awe  
Of subtile treason, with his mask of law ;  
Or with bravado insolent and hard,  
Provoking punishment, to win reward ;  
If office help the factious to conspire,  
And they who *should* extinguish, fan the fire —  
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown  
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down ;  
To be blown off at will, by power that spares it  
In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud ;  
Lost above all, ye laboring multitude !  
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues  
Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs ;  
And over fancied usurpations brood,  
Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood ;

Or from long stress of real injuries fly  
To desperation for a remedy ;  
In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,  
And to your wrath cry out, " Be thou our guide ;"  
Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's  
floor

In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor  
With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore ;  
Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem  
By flatterers carried, mount into a dream  
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest  
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,  
And every man sit down as plenty's guest !

— O for a bridle bitted with remorse  
To stop your leaders in their headstrong course !  
Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace  
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,  
By paths no human wisdom can foretrace !  
May he pour round you, from worlds far above  
Man's feverish passions, his pure light of love,  
That quietly restores the natural mien  
To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen !  
*Else* shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap  
Fields gaily sown when promises were cheap.  
Why is the past belied with wicked art,  
The future made to play so false a part,  
Among a people famed for strength of mind,  
Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind ?  
We act as if we joyed in the sad tune  
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon  
Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful na-  
tion !

If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,  
Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,

Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What saving  
skill

Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still?  
— Soon shall the widow (for the speed of time  
Nought equals when the hours are winged with  
crime)

Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,  
From him who judged her lord, a like decree;  
The skies will weep o'er old men desolate:  
Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,  
Outcasts and homeless orphans ———

But turn, my soul, and from the sleeping pair  
Learn thou the beauty of Omniscient care!  
Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still;  
Seek for the good and cherish it — the ill  
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

---

If this great world of joy and pain  
Revolve in one sure track;  
If freedom, set, will rise again,  
And virtue, flown, come back;  
Wo to the purblind crew who fill  
The heart with each day's care:  
Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
To bear, and to forbear!

## SONNET, \*

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY.

" PEOPLE ! your chains are severing link by link ;  
 Soon shall the rich be levelled down — the poor  
 Meet them half way." Vain boast ! for these the  
 more

They thus would rise, must low and lower sink  
 Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think ;  
 While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few  
 Bent in quick turns each other to undo,  
 And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.  
 Mistrust thyself, vain country ! cease to cry,  
 " Knowledge will save me from the threatened  
 wo."

For, if than other rash ones more thou know,  
 Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly  
 Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,  
 Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

\* This Sonnet ought to have followed No. VII. in the series of 1831, but was omitted by mistake.

## LOVING AND LIKING:

IRREGULAR VERSES,

### ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

[In the former editions of the author's *Miscellaneous Poems* are three pieces addressed to Children ;— the following, a few lines excepted, is by the same Writer ; and, as it belongs to the same unassuming class of compositions, she has been prevailed upon to consent to its publication.]

THERE'S more in words than I can teach :  
 Yet listen, child !— I would not preach ;  
 But only give some plain directions  
 To guide your speech and your affections.  
 Say not you *love* a roasted fowl,  
 But you may love a screaming owl,  
 And, if you can, the unwieldy toad  
 That crawls from his secure abode  
 Within the mossy garden wall  
 When evening dews begin to fall.  
 Oh mark the beauty of his eye :  
 What wonders in that circle lie !  
 So clear, so bright, our fathers said  
 He wears a jewel in his head !  
 And when, upon some showery day,  
 Into a path or public way  
 A frog leaps out from bordering grass,  
 Startling the timid as they pass,  
 Do you observe him, and endeavor  
 To take the intruder into favor ;  
 Learning from him to find a reason  
 For a light heart in a dull season.

And you may love him in the pool,  
That is for him a happy school,  
In which he swims, as taught by nature,  
A pattern for a human creature,  
Glancing amid the water bright,  
And sending upward sparkling light.  
Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing  
A love for things that have no feeling :  
The spring's first rose, by you espied,  
May fill your breast with joyful pride ;  
And you may love the strawberry flower,  
And love the strawberry in its bower ;  
But when the fruit, so often praised  
For beauty, to your lip is raised,  
Say not you *love* the delicate treat,  
But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.  
Long may you love your pensioner mouse,  
Though one of a tribe that torment the house :  
Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,  
That deadly foe of both mouse and rat ;  
Remember she follows the law of her kind,  
And instinct is neither wayward nor blind.  
Then think of her beautiful gliding form,  
Her tread that would not crush a worm,  
And her soothing song by the winter fire,  
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love :  
It may soar with the eagle and brood with the dove,  
May pierce the earth with the patient mole,  
Or track the hedgehog to his hole,  
Loving and liking are the solace of life,  
They foster all joy, and extinguish all strife.  
You love your father and your mother,  
Your grown-up and your baby brother ;

You love your sister, and your friends,  
And countless blessings which God sends;  
And while these right affections play,  
You *live* each moment of your day;  
They lead you on to full content,  
And likings fresh and innocent,  
That store the mind, the memory feed,  
And prompt to many a gentle deed:  
But *likings* come, and pass away;  
'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day:  
Our heavenward guide is holy love,  
And it will be our bliss with saints above.

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## ST. BEES,

SUGGESTED

### IN A STEAMBOAT OFF ST. BEES' HEADS,

ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N. E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the

Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abby of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighborhood; one of which is alluded to in the following Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M. A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr Ainger, the Head of the College; and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighborhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in the following piece, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations, than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for nature.]

If life were slumber on a bed of down,  
Toil unimposed, vicissitudes unknown,  
Sad were our lot: no hunter of the hare  
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair

Has roused the lion ; no one plucks the rose,  
Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows  
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,  
With joy like his who climbs on hands and knees,  
For some rare plant, yon headland of St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,  
This new indifference to breeze or gale,  
This strait-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,  
And regular as if locked in certainty,  
Depress the hours. Up, spirit of the storm !  
That courage may find something to perform ;  
That fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze  
At danger's bidding, may confront the seas,  
Firm as the towering headlands of St. Bees.

Dread cliff of Baruth ! *that* wild wish may sleep,  
Bold as if men and creatures of the deep  
Breathed the same element : too many wrecks  
Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks  
Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought  
Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought :  
With thy stern aspect better far agrees  
Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease,  
As millions thus shall do, the headlands of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful art augments her store,  
What boots the gain if nature should lose more ?  
And wisdom, that once held a Christian place  
In man's intelligence sublimed by grace ?  
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,  
Tempestuous winds her holy errand cross'd ;  
As high and higher heaved the billows, faith  
Grew with them, mightier than the powers of death

She knelt in prayer — the waves their wrath appease ;  
 And from her vow well weighed in heaven's decrees,  
 Close, where she touched the strand, the Chauntry  
 of St. Bees.

Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,"  
 Who in these wilds then struggled for command ;  
 The strong were merciless, without hope the weak ;  
 Till this bright stranger came, fair as day-break,  
 And as a cresset true that darts its length  
 Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength ;  
 Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,  
 And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,  
 Like the fixed light that crowns yon headland of  
 St. Bees.

To aid the votaress, miracles believed  
 Brought in men's minds, like miracles achieved ;  
 So piety took root ; and song might tell  
 What humanizing virtues round her cell  
 Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around ;  
 How savage bosoms melted at the sound  
 Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies  
 Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,  
 From her religious mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet voice, that instrument of love,  
 Was glorified, and took its place, above  
 The silent stars, among the angelic choir,  
 Her chauntry blazed with sacrilegious fire,  
 And perished utterly ; but her good deeds  
 Had sown the spot that witnessed them with seeds

Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze  
With quickening impulse answered their mute  
    pleas,  
And lo! a *statelier* pile, the abbey of St. Bees.

There were the naked clothed, the hungry fed;  
And charity extended to the dead  
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest  
Of tardy penitents; or for the best  
Among the good (when love might else have slept,  
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.  
Thanks to the austere and simple devotees,  
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,  
Kept watch before the altars of St. Bees.

Were not, in sooth, their requiems sacred ties  
Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,  
Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,  
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?  
The prayer for them whose hour was past away  
Said to the living, profit while ye may!  
A little part, and that the worst, he sees  
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys  
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,  
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,  
Cheers these recluses with a steady ray  
In many an hour when judgment goes astray.  
Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try  
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;  
Consume with zeal, in winged ecstasies  
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,  
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succor and protect  
The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked  
On the bare coast ; nor do they grudge the boon  
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon  
Claim for the pilgrim : and, though chidings sharp  
May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,  
It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,  
It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,  
Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice  
What time the Benedictine brethren's voice,  
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,  
Summoned the chiefs to lay their feuds aside,  
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord  
In Palestine. Advance, indignant sword !  
Flaming till thou from Panym hands release  
That tomb, dread centre of all sanctities  
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

On, champions, on ! — But mark ! the passing day  
Submits her intercourse to milder sway,  
With high and low whose busy thoughts from far  
Follow the fortunes which they may not share.  
While in Judea fancy loves to roam,  
She helps to make a holy-land at home :  
The star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites  
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights ;  
And wedded life, through scriptural mysteries,  
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,  
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,  
And to green meadows changed the swampy  
shores ?

Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful  
grange  
Made room where wolf and boar were used to  
range?  
Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler  
chains  
Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains?  
The thoughtful monks, intent their God to please,  
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies  
Poured from the bosom of thy church, St. Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate given  
Through lawless will the brotherhood was driven  
Forth from their cells; — their ancient house laid  
low  
In reformation's sweeping overthrow.  
But now once more the local heart revives,  
The inextinguishable spirit strives.  
Oh may that power who hushed the stormy seas,  
And cleared a way for the first votaries,  
Prosper the new-born college of St. Bees!

Alas! the genius of our age from schools  
Less humble draws her lessons, aims, and rules.  
To prowess guided by her insight keen  
Matter and spirit are as one machine;  
Boastful idolatress of formal skill  
She in her own would merge the eternal will:  
Expert to move in paths that Newton trod,  
From Newton's universe would banish God.  
Better, if reason's triumphs match with these,  
Her flight before the bold credulities  
That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.

## NOTE.

*St. Bees.* Page 190.

"Were not in sooth, their Requems sacred ties."

THE author is aware that he is here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader he feels that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; but no reflecting person can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalizing sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: *they* were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, or of the present time.



alpine vales, in quest of safe retreats  
 ere that pure church survives, though summer  
     heats  
 find a passage to the Romish sword,  
 as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,  
 fruitage gathered from the chesnut wood,  
 fish the sufferers then ; and mists, that brood  
 chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,  
 meet them ; and the eternal snow that daunts  
 us, is God's good winter for their haunts.

---

led be the rivers, from their mountain-springs  
 wing to freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"  
 crass'd piety, "Dismiss thy fear,  
 in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"  
 the unthanked their tardiest lingerings  
 reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,  
     own creation, till their long career  
 in the sea engulfed. Such welcomings  
 met from mighty Po when Venice rose,  
 and those simple heirs of truth divine  
 near his fountains sought obscure repose,  
 ere prepared as glorious lights to shine,  
 and that be needed for their sacred charge ;  
 prisoners they, whose spirits are at large !

## THE REDBREAST.

(SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND COTTAGE.)

Driven in by autumn's sharpening air,  
 From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,  
 Brisk robin seeks a kindlier home :  
 Not like a beggar is he come,  
 But enters as a looked-for guest,  
 Confiding in his ruddy breast,  
 As if it were a natural shield  
 Charged with a blazon on the field,  
 Due to that good and pious deed  
 Of which we in the ballad read.  
 But pensive fancies putting by,  
 And wild-wood sorrows, speedily  
 He plays the expert ventriloquist ;  
 And, caught by glimpses now — now missed,  
 Puzzles the listener with a doubt  
 If the soft voice he throws about  
 Comes from within doors or without !  
 Was ever such a sweet confusion,  
 Sustained by delicate illusion ?  
 He's at your elbow — to your feeling  
 The notes are from the floor or ceiling ;  
 And there's a riddle to be guessed,  
 'Till you have marked his heaving breast,  
 Where tiny sinking and faint swell,  
 Betray the elf that loves to dwell  
 In robin's bosom as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the bird  
 If seen, and with like pleasure stirred  
 Commend him, when he's only heard.

But small and fugitive *our* gain  
 Compared with *his* who long hath lain,  
 With languid limbs and patient head,  
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed ;  
 Where now he daily hears a strain  
 That cheats him of too busy cares,  
 Eases his pain, and helps his prayers.  
 And who but this dear bird beguiled  
 The fever of that pale-faced child !  
 Now cooling, with his passing wing,  
 Her forehead, like a breeze of spring ;  
 Recalling now, with descant soft  
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,  
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,  
 And the invisible sympathy  
 Of " Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Blessing the bed she lies upon : " \*  
 And sometimes, just as listening ends  
 In slumber, with the cadence blends  
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn  
 Which old-folk, fondly pleased to trim  
 Lamps of faith now burning dim,  
 Say that the cherubs carved in stone,  
 When clouds gave way at dead of night,  
 And the moon filled the church with light,  
 Used to sing in heavenly tone,  
 Above and round the sacred places  
 They guard, with winged baby-faces.

\* The words —

" Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use through the northern counties.

Thrice-happy creatures ! in all lands  
Nurtured by hospitable hands :  
Free entrance to this cot has he,  
Entrance and exit both *yet* free ;  
And, when the keen unruffled weather  
That thus brings man and bird together,  
Shall with its pleasantness be past,  
And casement closed and door made fast,  
To keep at bay the howling blast,  
*He* needs not fear the season's rage,  
For the whole house is robin's cage.  
Whether the bird flit here or there,  
O'er table *lilt*, or perch on chair,  
Though some may frown, and make a stir  
To scare him as a trespasser,  
And he belike will flinch or start,  
Good friends he has to take his part ;  
One chiefly, who with voice and look  
Pleads for him from the chimney nook,  
Where sits the dame, and wears away  
Her long and vacant holiday ;  
With images about her heart,  
Reflected, from the years gone by,  
On human nature's second infancy.

## TO ———.

[Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take  
That subtile power, the never-halting time,  
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make  
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

WAIT, prithee, wait !" this answer Lesbia threw  
orth to her dove, and took no further heed ;  
er eye was busy, while her fingers flew  
cross the harp, with soul-engrossing speed ;  
ut from that bondage when her thoughts were  
freed

he rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,  
hence the poor unregarded favorite, true  
o old affections, had been heard to plead  
ith flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek  
orced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain  
f harmony ! — a shriek of terror, pain,  
nd self-reproach ! — for, from aloft, a kite  
ounced, and the dove, which from its ruthless beak  
he could not rescue, perished in her sight !

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RURAL ILLUSIONS.

SYLPH was it ? or a bird more bright  
Than those of fabulous stock ?  
A second darted by ; — and lo !  
Another of the flock,

Through sunshine flitting from the bough  
To nestle in the rock.  
Transient deception ! a gay freak  
Of April's mimicries !  
Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy  
Among the budding trees,  
Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the  
spray  
To frolic on the breeze.

Maternal Flora ! show thy face,  
And let thy hand be *seen*  
Which sprinkles here these tiny flowers,  
That, as they touch the green,  
Take root (so seems it) and look up  
In honor of their queen.  
Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,  
That not in vain aspired  
To be confounded with live growths,  
Most dainty, most admired,  
Were only blossoms dropped from twigs  
Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the world's illusive shows ;  
*Her* wingless flutterings,  
Her blossoms which, though shed, outbrave  
The floweret as it springs,  
For the undeceived, smile as they may,  
Are melancholy things :  
But gentle Nature plays her part  
With ever-varying wiles,  
And transient feignings with plain truth  
So well she reconciles.  
That those fond idlers most are pleased  
Whom oftenest she beguiles.

## THIS LAWN, &amp;c

THIS lawn, a carpet all alive  
 With shadows flung from leaves — to strive  
     In dance, amid a press  
 Of sunshine — an apt emblem yields  
 Of worldlings revelling in the fields  
     Of strenuous idleness ;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze  
 Encounter, and to narrow seas  
     Forbid a moment's rest ;  
 The medley less when boreal lights  
 Glance to and fro like airy sprites  
     To feats of arms address !

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,  
 This ceaseless play, the genuine life  
     That serves the steadfast hours,  
 Is in the grass beneath, that grows  
 Unheeded, and the mute repose  
     Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

## THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

FLATTERED with promise of escape  
 From every hurtful blast,  
 Spring takes, O sprightly May ! thy shape,  
     Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high  
In fierce solstitial power,  
Less fair than when a lenient sky  
Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves  
The labors of the plough,  
And ripening fruits and forest leaves  
All brighten on the bough,

What pensive beauty autumn shows,  
Before she hears the sound  
Of winter rushing in, to close  
The emblematic round !

Such be our spring, our summer such ;  
So may our autumn blend  
With hoary winter, and life touch,  
Through heaven-born hope, her end.

## HUMANITY.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1829.)

*Not from his fellows only man may learn  
Rights to compare and duties to discern :  
All creatures and all objects, in degree,  
Are friends and patrons of humanity. — MS.*

[The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.]

WHAT though the accused, upon his own appeal  
To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,  
Or at a doubting judge's stern command,  
Before the **STONE OF POWER** no longer stand —  
'To take his sentence from the balanced block  
As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock ;  
Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more  
The Druid-priest the hallowed oak adore ;  
Yet, for the initiate, rocks and whispering trees  
Do still perform mysterious offices !  
And still in beast and bird a function dwells,  
That, while we look and listen, sometimes tells  
Upon the heart, in more authentic guise  
Than oracles, or winged auguries,  
Spake to the science of the ancient wise.  
Not uninspired appear their simplest ways ;  
Their voices mount symbolical of praise —  
To mix with hymns that spirits make and hear ;  
And to fallen man their innocence is dear .

Enraptured art draws from those sacred springs  
Streams that reflect the poetry of things !  
Where Christian martyrs stand in hues portrayed,  
That, might a wish avail, would never fade,  
Borne in their hands the lily and the palm  
Shed round the altar a celestial calm ;  
There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove  
Prest in the tenderness of virgin love  
To saintly bosoms ! — Glorious is the blending  
Of right affections, climbing or descending  
Along a scale of light and life, with cares  
Alternate ; carrying holy thoughts and prayers  
Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High ;  
Descending to the worm in charity ; \*  
Like those good angels whom a dream of night  
Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight ;  
All, while *he* slept, treading the pendant stairs  
Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,  
That, with a perfect will in one accord  
Of strict obedience served the Almighty Lord ;  
And with untired humility forbore  
The ready service of the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,  
If power could at ease with self-restraint !  
Opinion bow before the naked sense  
Of the great vision, — faith in Providence ;  
Merciful over all existence, just  
To the least particle of sentient dust ;  
And, fixing by immutable decrees,  
Seedtime and harvest for his purposes !  
Then would be closed the restless oblique eye  
That looks for evil like a treacherous spy ;

\* The author is indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr Digby's valuable works.

es would then relax, like stormy winds  
 nto breezes sink ; impetuous minds  
 cipline endeavor to grow meek  
 th herself, whom they profess to seek.  
 genius, shunning fellowship with pride,  
 braid his golden locks at wisdom's side ;  
 obb and flow untroubled by caprice ;  
 ot alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,  
 offending creatures find release  
*qualified* oppression, whose defence  
 on a hollow plea of recompence ;  
 ht-tempered wrongs, for each humane re-  
 spect  
 orse to bear, or deadlier in effect.  
 ss those glances of indignant scorn  
 some high-minded slave, impelled to spurn  
 ndness that would make him less forlorn ;  
 the soul to bondage be subdued,  
 ok of pitiable gratitude !

s for thee, bright galaxy of isles,  
 day departs in pomp, returns with smiles —  
 et the flowers and fruitage of a land,  
 sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned ;  
 l whose azure mountain-tops are seats  
 ds in council, whose green vales, retreats  
 the shades of heroes, mingling there  
 eathe Elysian peace in upper air.

ough cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,  
 walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.  
 man assume a property in man ?  
 a the moral will a withering ban ?  
 that our laws at distance should protect  
 ities, which they at home reject !

"Slaves cannot breathe in England" — a proud  
boast!

And yet a mockery! if, from coast to coast,  
Though fettered slave be none, her floors and soil  
Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,  
For the poor many, measured out by rules  
Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,  
That to an idol, falsely called "the wealth  
Of nations," sacrifice a people's health,  
Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen  
Is ever urging on the vast machine  
Of sleepless labor, 'mid whose dizzy wheels  
The power least prized is that which thinks and  
feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,  
And all the heavy or light vassalage  
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit  
Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,  
'T were well in little, as in great to pause,  
Lest fancy trifle with eternal laws.  
There are to whom even garden, grove, and field,  
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;  
Who would not lightly violate the grace  
The lowliest flower possesses in its place;  
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,  
Which nothing less than infinite power could give.

## LINES

ESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF F. STONE.

UILED into forgetfulness of care  
 to the day's unfinished task, of pen  
 book regardless, and of that fair scene  
 Nature's prodigality displayed  
 ore my window, oftentimes and long  
 ze upon a portrait whose mild gleam  
 beauty never ceases to enrich  
 : common light ; whose stillness charms the air  
 seems to charm it into like repose ;  
 ose silence for the pleasure of the ear,  
 passes sweetest music. There she sits  
 h emblematic purity attired  
 a white vest, white as her marble neck  
 and the pillar of the throat *would be*  
 for the shadow by the drooping chin  
 t into that recess — the tender shade,  
 : shade and light, both there and every where,  
 l through the very atmosphere she breathes,  
 ad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill  
 it might from nature have been learnt in the  
 hour

en the lone shepherd sees the morning spread  
 on the mountains. Look at her, whoe'er  
 ou be, that kindling with a poet's soul  
 t loved the painter's true Promethean craft  
 nsely — from imagination take  
 : treasure, what mine eyes behold see thou,  
 n though the Atlantic Ocean roll between.

A silver line, that from brow to crown,  
And in the middle parts the braided hair,  
Just serves to show how delicate a soil  
The golden harvest grows in ; and those eyes  
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky  
Whose azure depth their color emulates,  
Must needs be conversant with *upward* looks,  
Prayer's voiceless service ; but now, seeking  
nought

And shunning nought, their own peculiar life  
Of motion they renounce, and with the head  
Partake its inclination towards earth  
In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness  
Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching art, make me  
Thy confidant ! say, whence derived that air  
Of calm abstraction ? Can the ruling thought  
Be with some lover far away, or one  
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith ?  
Inapt conjecture ! Childhood here, a moon  
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,  
Has but approached the gates of womanhood,  
Not entered them ; her heart is yet unpierced  
By the blind archer-god, her fancy free :  
The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,  
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies  
Across the slender wrist of the left arm  
Upon her lap reposing, holds — but mark  
How slackly, for the absent mind permits  
No firmer grasp — a little wild-flower, joined  
As in rapsody, with a few pale ears

Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped  
 And in their common birthplace sheltered it  
 'Till they were plucked together ; a blue flower  
 Called by the thrifty husbandman a *weed* ;  
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn  
 That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held  
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,  
 (Her father told her so) in youth's gay dawn  
 Her mother's favorite ; and the orphan girl,  
 In her own dawn — a dawn less gay and bright,  
 Loves it while there in solitary peace  
 She sits, for that departed mother's sake.  
 — Not from a source less sacred is derived  
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air  
 Of calm abstraction through the face diffused  
 And the whole person.

Words have something told,  
 More than the pencil can, and verily  
 More than is needed, but the precious art  
 Forgives their interference — art divine,  
 That both creates and fixes, in despite  
 Of death and time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours !  
 That posture, and the look of filial love  
 Thinking of past and gone, with what is left.  
 Dearly united, might be swept away  
 From this fair portrait's fleshly archetype,  
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak  
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored  
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony  
 So exquisite ; but *here* do they abide,  
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the art

Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,  
In visible quest of immortality,  
Stretched forth with trembling hope? In every  
    realm,  
From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,  
Thousands, in each variety of tongue  
That Europe knows, would echo this appeal;  
One above all, a monk who waits on God  
In the magnificent convent built of yore  
To sanctify the Escorial palace. He,  
Guiding from cell to cell and room to room,  
A British painter (eminent for truth  
In character, and depth of feeling, shown  
By labors that have touched the hearts of kings  
And are endeared to simple cottagers)  
Left not unvisited a glorious work,  
Our Lord's last Supper, beautiful as when first  
The appropriate picture, fresh from Titian's hand,  
Graced the refectory: and there, while both  
Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,  
The hoary father in the stranger's ear  
Breathed out these words: — "Here daily do we sit,  
Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here,  
Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,  
And thinking of my brethren, dead, dispersed,  
Or changed or changing, I not seldom gaze  
Upon this solemn company unmoved  
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,  
Until I cannot but believe that they —  
They are in truth the substance, we the shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs  
Melting away within him like a dream

Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak :  
 And I, grown old, but in a happier land,  
 Domestic portrait ! have to verse consigned  
 Into thy calm presence those heart-moving words :  
 Words that can soothe, more than they agitate ;  
 Whose spirit, like the angel that went down  
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue  
 Informs the fountain in the human breast  
 That by the visitation was disturbed.  
 — But why this stealing tear ? Companion mute,  
 On thee I look, not sorrowing ; fare thee well,  
 My song's inspirer, once again farewell !

The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent  
 of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name  
 in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon  
 which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands.  
 It need scarcely be added, that Wilkie in the painter alluded  
 to.

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THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

Among a grave fraternity of monks,  
 For one, but surely not for one alone,  
 Triumphs, in that great work, the painter's skill,  
 Humbling the body, to exult the soul :  
 Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong  
 And dissolution and decay, the warm  
 And breathing life of flesh, as if already  
 Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced  
 With no mean earnest of a heritage

Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,  
 With thy memorial flower, meek portraiture!  
 From whose serene companionship I passed,  
 Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou  
                   also —

Though but a simple object, into light  
 Called forth by those affections that endear  
 The private hearth; though keeping thy sole seat  
 In singleness, and little tried by time,  
 Creation, as it were, of yesterday —  
 With a congenial function art endued  
 For each and all of us, together joined,  
 In course of nature, under a low roof  
 By charities and duties that proceed  
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.  
 To a like salutary sense of awe,  
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the power  
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh,  
 In faithful scales, things and their opposites,  
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise  
 A household small and sensitive, — whose love,  
 Dependent as in part its blessings are  
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved  
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.

In the class entitled "Musings," in Mr Southey's *Minor Poems*, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two poems of his friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.

## STANZAS ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

### ARGUMENT.

The ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony. — Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza). — The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot. — Origin of music, and its effect in early ages — how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza). — The mind recalled to sounds acting casually and severally. — Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system of moral interests and intellectual contemplation. — (Stanza 12th.) The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe — imaginations consonant with such a theory. — Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realised, in some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator. — (Last Stanza) the destruction of earth and the planetary system — the survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature as revealed in Holy Writ.

**THE** functions are ethereal,  
**As if** within thee dwelt a glancing mind,  
**Organ** of vision ! And a spirit aerial  
Informs the cell of hearing, dark and blind ;  
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought  
To enter than oracular cave ;  
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought  
And whispers, for the heart, their slave ;  
And shrieks, that revel in abuse  
Of shivering flesh ; and warbled air,  
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose  
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile

Into the ambush of despair ;  
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,  
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats  
Devoutly, in life's last retreats !

The headlong streams and fountains  
Serve thee, invisible spirit, with untired powers ;  
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,  
They lull perchance ten thousand thousand flowers.  
*That* roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am*,  
How fearful to the desert wide !  
That bleat, how tender ! of the dam  
Calling a straggler to her side.  
Shout, cuckoo ! let the vernal soul  
Go with thee to the frozen zone ;  
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll !  
At the still hour to mercy dear,  
Mercy from her twilight throne  
Listening to nun's faint sob of holy fear,  
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,  
Or widow's cottage lullaby.

Ye voices, and ye shadows,  
And images of voice — to hound and horn  
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows  
Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn,  
On with your pastime ! till the church-tower bells  
A greeting give of *measured* glee ;  
And milder echoes from their cells  
Repeat the bridal symphony.  
Then, or far earlier, let us rove  
Where mists are breaking up or gone,  
And from aloft look down into a cove  
Besprinkled with a careless quire,

Happy milk-maids, one by one  
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,  
A liquid concert matchless by nice art,  
A stream as if from one full heart.

Blest be the song that brightens  
The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth;  
Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that  
                  lightens

His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.  
For the tired slave, song lifts the languid oar,  
And bids it aptly fall, with chime  
That beautifies the fairest shore,  
And mitigates the harshest clime.  
Yon pilgrims see — in lagging file  
They move ; but soon the appointed way  
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,  
And to their hope the distant shrine  
Glisten with a livelier ray :  
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,  
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast  
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

When civic renovation  
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste  
Best eloquence avails not, inspiration  
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast  
Piping through cave and battlemented tower ;  
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet  
That voice of freedom, in its power  
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet !  
Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads  
Incitements of a battle-day,  
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless  
                  heads ;

Even she whose Lydian airs inspire  
Peaceful striving, gentle play  
Of timid hope and innocent desire  
Shot from the dancing graces, as they move  
Fanned by the plausible wings of love.

How oft along thy mazes  
Regent of sound, have dangerous passions trod !  
O thou, through whom the temple rings with  
    praises,  
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,  
Betray not by the cozenage of sense  
Thy votaries, wooingly resigned  
To a voluptuous influence  
That taints the purer, better mind ;  
But lead sick fancy to a harp  
That hath in noble tasks been tried ;  
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,  
Soothe it into patience, — stay  
The uplifted arm of suicide ;  
And let some mood of thine in firm array  
Knit every thought the impending issue needs,  
Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds !

As conscience, to the centre  
Of being, smites with irresistible pain,  
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter  
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,  
'Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled —  
Convulsed as by a jarring din ;  
And then aghast, as at the world  
Of reason partially let in  
By concords winding with a sway  
Terrible for sense and soul !

Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.  
Point not these mysteries to an art  
Lodged above the starry pole ;  
Pure modulations flowing from the heart  
Of divine love, where wisdom, beauty, truth  
With order dwell, in endless youth ?

Oblivion may not cover  
All treasures hoarded by the miser, time.  
Orphean insight ! truth's undaunted lover,  
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,  
When music deigned within this grosser sphere  
Her subtle essence to enfold,  
And voice and shell drew forth a tear  
Softer than nature's self could mould.  
Yet *strenuous* was the infant age :  
Art, daring because souls could feel,  
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage  
Of rapt imagination sped her march  
Through the realms of wo and weal :  
Hell to the lyre bowed low ; the upper arch  
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse  
Her wan disasters could disperse.

The gift to King Amphion  
That walled a city with its melody  
Was for belief no dream ; thy skill, Arion !  
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,  
Where men were monsters. A last grace he  
craves,

Leave for one chant ;—the dulcet sound  
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,  
And listening dolphins gather round.  
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides

A proud one docile as a managed horse ;  
And singing, while the accordant hand  
Sweeps his harp, the master rides ;  
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,  
And he, with his preserver, shines star-bright  
In memory, through silent night.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds  
Couched in the shadow of Menalian pines,  
Was passing sweet ; the eyeballs of the leopards,  
That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,  
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang !  
While fauns and satyrs beat the ground  
In cadence, — and Silenus swang  
This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.  
To life, to *life* give back thine ear :  
Ye who are longing to be rid  
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear  
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell  
Echoed from the coffin lid ;  
The convict's summons in the steeple knell.  
"The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,  
Repeated — heard, and heard no more !

For terror, joy, or pity,  
Vast is the compass, and the swell of notes :  
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,  
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats  
Far as the woodlands — with the trill to blend  
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale  
Might tempt an angel to descend,  
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.  
O for some soul-affecting scheme  
Of *moral* music, to unite  
Wanderers whose portion is the faintest dream .

Of memory! — O that they might stoop to bear  
Chains, such precious chains of sight  
As labored minstrelsies through ages wear!  
O for a balance fit the truth to tell  
Of the unsubstantial, pondered well!

By one pervading spirit  
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,  
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit  
Initiation in that mystery old.  
The heavens, whose aspects makes our minds as still  
As they themselves *appear* to be  
Innumerable voices fill  
With everlasting harmony;  
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,  
Their feet among the billows, know  
That ocean is a mighty harmonist;  
Thy pinions, universal air,  
Ever waving to and fro,  
Are delegates of harmony, and bear  
Strains that support the seasons in their round;  
Stern winter loves a dirge-like sound.

Break forth into thanksgiving,  
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords;  
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,  
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!  
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,  
Nor mute the forest hum of noon:  
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed  
From snowy peak and cloud, attune  
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn  
Of joy, that from her utmost walls  
The six-days' work, by flaming seraphim,  
Transmits to heaven! As deep to deep

Shouting through one valley calls,  
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep  
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured  
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

A voice to light gave being;  
To time, and man his earth-born chronicler;  
A voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing  
And sweep away life's visionary stir;  
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,  
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)  
To archangelic lips applied,  
The grave shall open, quench the stars.  
O silence! are man's noisy years  
No more than moments of thy life?  
Is harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,  
With her smooth tones and discords just,  
Tempered into rapturous strife,  
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be  
dust  
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay  
Is in the Word, that shall not pass away.

## POSTSCRIPT.

IN the present volume, as in the author's previous poems, the reader will have found occasionally opinions expressed upon the course of public affairs, and feelings given vent to as national interests excited them. Since nothing, he trusts, has been uttered but in the spirit of reflective patriotism, those notices are left to produce their own effect ; but, among the many objects of general concern, and the changes going forward, which he has glanced at in verse, are some especially affecting the lower orders of society : in reference to these, he wishes here to add a few words in plain prose.

Were he conscious of being able to do justice to those important topics, he might avail himself of the periodical press for offering anonymously his thoughts, such as they are, to the world ; but he feels that, in procuring attention, they may derive some advantage, however small, from his name, in addition to that of being presented in a less fugitive shape. It is also not impossible that the state of mind which some of the foregoing poems may have produced in the reader will dispose him to receive more readily the impression the author desires to make, and to admit the conclusions he would establish.

I. The first thing that presses upon his attention is the Poor-Law Amendment Act. He is aware of the magnitude and complexity of the subject, and the unwearied attention which it has received from men of far wider experience than his own ; yet he cannot forbear touching upon one point of

it, and to this he will confine himself, though not insensible to the objection which may reasonably be brought against treating a portion of this, or any other, great scheme of civil polity separately from the whole. The point to which he wishes to draw the reader's attention is, that *all* persons who cannot find employment, or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to maintenance by law.

This principle is acknowledged in the report of the Commissioners : but is there not room for apprehension that some of the regulations of the new act have a tendency to render the principle nugatory by difficulties thrown in the way of applying it ? If this be so, persons will not be wanting to show it, by examining the provisions of the act in detail,—an attempt which would be quite out of place here ; but it will not, therefore, be deemed unbecoming in one who fears that the prudence of the head may, in framing some of those provisions, have supplanted the wisdom of the heart, to enforce a principle which cannot be violated without infringing upon one of the most precious rights of the English people, and opposing one of the most sacred claims of civilised humanity.

There can be no greater error, in this department of legislation, than the belief that this principle does by necessity operate for the degradation of those who claim, or are so circumstanced as to make it likely they may claim, through laws founded upon it, relief or assistance. The direct contrary is the truth : it may be unanswerably maintained that its tendency is to raise, not to depress ; by stamping a value upon life, which can belong to it only where the laws have placed men who are willing to work, and yet cannot find employment, above the necessity of looking for protection against hunger and other natural evils, either to individual and casual charity, to despair and death, or to the breach of law by theft or violence.

And here, as the fundamental principle has been recog-

nised in the report of the Commissioners, the author is not at issue with them any farther than he is compelled to believe that their "remedial measures" obstruct the application of that principle more than the interests of society require.

And, calling to mind the doctrines of political economy which are now prevalent, he cannot forbear to enforce the justice of the principle, and to insist upon its salutary operation.

And first for its justice : If self-preservation be the first law of our nature, would not every one in a state of nature be morally justified in taking to himself that which is indispensable to such preservation, where, by so doing, he would not rob another of that which might be equally indispensable to *his* preservation ? And if the value of life be regarded in a right point of view, may it not be questioned whether this right of preserving life, at any expense short of endangering the life of another, does not survive man's entering into the social state ; whether this right can be surrendered or forfeited, except when it opposes the divine law, upon any supposition of a social compact, or of any convention for the protection of mere rights of property ?

But, if it be not safe to touch the abstract question of man's right in a social state to help himself even in the last extremity, may we not still contend for the duty of a Christian government, standing *in loco parentis* towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision, that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation ? Or, waving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the state to the allegiance, involves the protection of the subject ? And, as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the state to require the services of its members, even to the jeoparding of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists) to public support when, from any cause they may be unable to support themselves.

Let us now consider the salutary and benign operation of this principle. Here we must have recourse to elementary feelings of human nature, and to truths which from their very obviousness are apt to be slighted, till they are forced upon our notice by our own sufferings or those of others. In the *Paradise Lost*, Milton represents Adam, after the Fall, as exclaiming in the anguish of his soul,—

“ Did I request Thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me man, did I solicit Thee  
 From darkness to promote me ?  
 \* \* \* \* \* My will  
 Concurred not to my being.”

Under how many various pressures of misery have men been driven thus, in a strain touching upon impiety, to expostulate with the Creator ; and under few so afflictive as when the source and origin of earthly existence have been brought back to the mind by its impending close in the pangs of destitution. But as long as, in our legislation, due weight shall be given to this principle, no man will be forced to bewail the gift of life in hopeless want of the necessaries of life.

Englishmen have, therefore, by the progress of civilization among them, been placed in circumstances more favorable to piety, and resignation to the divine will, than the inhabitants of other countries, where a like provision has not been established. And as Providence, in this care of our countrymen, acts through a human medium, the objects of that care must, in like manner, be more inclined towards a grateful love of their fellow-men. Thus, also, do stronger ties attach the people to their country, whether while they tread its soil, or, at a distance, think of their native land as an indulgent parent, to whose arms, even they who have been imprudent and undeserving may, like the prodigal son, betake themselves, without fear of being rejected.

Such is the view of the case that would first present itself to a reflective mind ; and it is in vain to show, by appeals to

experience, in contrast with this view, that provisions founded upon the principle have promoted profaneness of life, and dispositions the reverse of philanthropic, by spreading idleness, selfishness, and rapacity: for these evils have arisen, not as an inevitable consequence of the principle, but for want of judgment in framing laws based upon it; and, above all, from faults in the mode of administering the law. The mischief that has grown to such a height from granting relief in cases where proper vigilance would have shown that it was not required, or in bestowing it in undue measure, will be urged by no truly enlightened statesman, as a sufficient reason for banishing the principle itself from legislation.

Let us recur to the miserable states of consciousness that it preludes.

There is a story told, by a traveller in Spain, of a female who, by a sudden shock of domestic calamity, was driven out of her senses, and ever after looked up incessantly to the sky, feeling that her fellow-creatures could do nothing for her relief. Can there be Englishmen who, with a good end in view, would, upon system, expose their brother Englishmen to a like necessity of looking upwards only; or downwards to the earth, after it shall contain no spot where the destitute can demand, by civil right, what by right of nature they are entitled to?

Suppose the objects of our sympathy not sunk into this blank despair, but wandering about as strangers in streets and ways, with the hope of succor from casual charity; what have we gained by such a change of scene? Woful is the condition of the famished Northern Indian, dependant, among winter snows, upon the chance-passage of a herd of deer, from which one, if brought down by his rifle-gun, may be made the means of keeping him and his companions alive. As miserable is that of some savage Islander, who, when the land has ceased to afford him sustenance, watches for food which the waves may cast up, or in vain endeavors to extract it from the inexorable deep. But neither of these

is in a state of wretchedness comparable to that, which is so often endured in civilised society: multitudes, in all ages, have known it, of whom may be said:—

“ Homeless, near a thousand homes they stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food.”

The author may justly be accused of wasting time in an uncalled-for attempt to excite the feelings of his reader, if systems of political economy, widely spread, did not impugn the principle, and if the safeguards against such extremities were left unimpaired. It is broadly asserted by many, that every man who endeavors to find work, *may* find it: were this assertion capable of being verified, there still would remain a question, what kind of work, and how far may the laborer be fit for it? For if sedentary work is to be exchanged for standing; and some light and nice exercise of the fingers, to which an artisan has been accustomed all his life, for severe labor of the arms; the best efforts would turn to little account, and occasion would be given for the unthinking and the unfeeling unwarrantably to reproach those who are put upon such employment, as idle, froward, and unworthy of relief, either by law or in any other way! Were this statement correct, there would indeed be an end of the argument, the principle here maintained would be superseded. But, alas, it is far otherwise. That principle, applicable to the benefit of all countries, is indispensable for England, upon whose coast families are perpetually deprived of their support by shipwreck, and where large masses of men are so liable to be thrown out of their ordinary means of gaining bread, by changes in commercial intercourse, subject mainly or solely to the will of foreign powers; by new discoveries in arts and manufactures; and by reckless laws, in conformity with theories of political economy, which, whether right or wrong in the abstract, have proved a scourge to tens of thousands, by the abruptness with which they have been carried into practice.

is urged—refuse altogether compulsory relief to the  
 lied, and the number of those who stand in need of  
 ill steadily diminish, through a conviction of an ab-  
 necessity for greater forethought, and more prudent  
 a man's earnings. Undoubtedly it would, but so  
 ald it, and in a much greater degree, if the legislative  
 ns were retained, and parochial relief administered  
 ie care of the upper classes, as it ought to be. For  
 een invariably found, that wherever the funds have  
 sed and applied under the superintendence of gen-  
 und substantial proprietors, acting in vestries, and as  
 s, pauperism has diminished accordingly. Proper  
 that quarter would effectually check what is felt in  
 istricts to be one of the worst evils in the poor law  
 viz. the readiness of small and needy proprietors to  
 mposing rates that seemingly subject them to great  
 ps, while, in fact, this is done with an understanding,  
 repares the way for the relief that each is ready to  
 upon his still poorer neighbors being granted to him-  
 his relatives, when it shall be applied for.

st us look to inner sentiments of a nobler quality, in  
 know what we have to build upon. Affecting proofs,  
 every one's experience, who is acquainted with the  
 ate and the indigent, of their unwillingness to de-  
 ir subsistence from aught but their own funds or  
 r to be indebted to parochial assistance for the attain-  
 f any object, however dear to them. A case was  
 l, the other day, from a coroner's inquest, of a pair  
 ough the space of four years, had carried about their  
 ant from house to house, and from lodging to lodging,  
 necessities drove them, rather than ask the parish to  
 expense of its interment: the poor creatures lived  
 ope of one day being able to bury their child at their  
 t. It must have been heart-rending to see and hear  
 her, who had been called upon to account for the  
 which the body was found, make this deposition.

She and her husband had, it is true, been once in prosperity. But examples, where the spirit of independence works with equal strength, though not with like miserable accompaniments, are frequently to be found even yet among the humblest peasantry and mechanics. There is not, then, sufficient cause for doubting that a like sense of honor may be revived among the people, and their ancient habits of independence restored, without resorting to those severities which the new Poor law Act has introduced.

But even, if the surfaces of things only are to be examined, we have a right to expect that lawgivers should take into account the various tempers and dispositions of mankind: while some are led, by the existence of a legislative provision, into idleness and extravagance, the economical virtues might be cherished in others by the knowledge, that if all their efforts fail, they have in the Poor Laws a "refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat." Despondency and distraction are no friends to prudence: the springs of industry will relax, if cheerfulness be destroyed by anxiety; without hope men become reckless, and have a sullen pride in adding to the heap of their own wretchedness. He who feels that he is abandoned by his fellow men will be almost irresistibly driven to care little for himself; will lose his self-respect accordingly, and with that loss what remains to him of virtue.

With all due deference to the particular experience, and general intelligence of the individuals who framed the Act, and of those who in and out of parliament have approved of and supported it; it may be said, that it proceeds too much upon the presumption that it is a laboring man's own fault if he be not, as the phrase is, beforehand with the world. But the most prudent are liable to be thrown back by sickness, cutting them off from labor, and causing to them expense; and who but has observed how distress creeps upon multitudes without misconduct of their own; and merely from a gradual fall in the price of labor, without a corres-

pendent one in the price of provisions ; so that men who may have ventured upon the marriage state with a fair prospect of maintaining their families in comfort and happiness, see them reduced to a pittance which no effort of theirs can increase ? Let it be remembered, also, that there are thousands with whom vicious habits of expense are not the cause why they do not store up their gains ; but they are generous and kind-hearted, and ready to help their kindred and friends : moreover, they had a faith in Providence that those who have been prompt to assist others, will not be left destitute, should they themselves come to need. By acting from these blended feelings, numbers have rendered themselves incapable of standing up against a sudden reverse. Nevertheless, these men, in common with all who have the misfortune to be in want, if many theorists had their wish, would be thrown upon one or other of those three sharp points of condition before adverted to, from which the intervention of law has hitherto saved them.

All that has been said tends to show how the principle contended for makes the gift of life more valuable, and has, the writer hopes, led to the conclusion that its legitimate operation is to make men worthier of that gift : in other words, not to degrade but to exalt human nature. But the subject must not be dismissed without adverting to the indirect influence of the same principle upon the moral sentiments of a people among whom it is embodied in law. In our criminal jurisprudence there is a maxim, deservedly eulogised, that it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer ; so, also, might it be maintained, with regard to the Poor Laws, that it is better for the interests of humanity among the people at large, that ten undeserving should partake of the funds provided, than that one morally good man, through want of relief, should either have his principles corrupted, or his energies destroyed ; than that such a one should either be driven to do wrong, or be cast to the earth in utter hopelessness. In France, the

English maxim of criminal jurisprudence is reversed; there, it is deemed better that ten innocent men should suffer, than one guilty escape: in France, there is no universal provision for the poor; and we may judge of the small value set upon human life in the metropolis of that country, by merely noticing the disrespect with which, after death, the body is treated, not by the thoughtless vulgar, but in schools of anatomy, presided over by men allowed to be, in their own art and in physical science, among the most enlightened in the world. In the east, where countries are overrun with population as with a weed, infinitely more respect is shown to the remains of the deceased; and what a bitter mockery is it, that this insensibility should be found where civil polity is so busy in minor regulations, and ostentatiously careful to gratify the luxurious propensities, whether social or intellectual, of the multitude! Irreligion is, no doubt, much concerned with this offensive disrespect, shown to the bodies of the dead in France; but it is mainly attributable to the state in which so many of the living are left by the absence of compulsory provision for the indigent, so humanely established by the law of England.

Sights of abject misery, perpetually recurring, harden the heart of the community. In the perusal of history, and of works of fiction, we are not, indeed, unwilling to have our commiseration excited by such objects of distress as they present to us; but in the concerns of real life, men know that such emotions are not given to be indulged for their own sakes: there, the conscience declares to them that sympathy must be followed by action; and if there exists a previous conviction that the power to relieve is utterly inadequate to the demand, the eye shrinks from communication with wretchedness, and pity and compassion languish, like any other qualities that are deprived of their natural aliment. Let these considerations be duly weighed by those who trust to the hope that an increase of private charity, with all its advantages of superior discrimination, would more than com-

pensate for the abandonment of those principles, the wisdom of which has been here insisted upon. How discouraging, also, would be the sense of injustice, which could not fail to arise in the minds of the well-disposed, if the burthen of supporting the poor, a burden of which the selfish have hitherto by compulsion borne a share, should now, or hereafter, be thrown exclusively upon the benevolent.

By having put an end to the Slave Trade and Slavery, the British people are exalted in the scale of humanity; and they cannot but feel so, if they look into themselves, and duly consider their relation to God and their fellow-creatures. That was a noble advance; but a retrograde movement will assuredly be made, if ever the principle which has been here defended, should be either avowedly abandoned, or but ostensibly retained.

II. In a poem of the foregoing collection, the state of the workmen congregated in manufactories is alluded to. May the author here be permitted to say, that, after much reflection upon this subject, he has not been able to discover a more effectual mode of alleviating the evils to which that class are liable, and establishing a better harmony between them and their employers, than by a repeal of such laws as prevent the formation of joint-stock companies? The combinations of masters to keep down, unjustly, the price of labor, would be fairly checked by these associations; they would encourage economy, inasmuch as they would enable a man to draw profit from his savings, by vesting them in buildings or machinery for processes of manufacture with which he was habitually connected. His little capital would then be working for him while he was at rest or asleep: he would more clearly perceive the necessity of capital for carrying on great works; he would better learn to respect the larger portions of it in the hands of others; he would be less tempted to join in unjust combinations; and, for the sake of his own property, if not for higher reasons, he would be slow to promote local disturbance, or endanger public

tranquillity; he would, at least, be loth to act in that way *knowingly*; for it is not to be denied that such societies might be nurseries of opinions unfavorable to a mixed constitution of government, like that of Great Britain. The democratic and republican spirit which they might be apt to foster would not, however, be dangerous in itself, but only as it might act without being sufficiently counterbalanced, either by landed proprietorship, or by a Church extending itself so as to embrace an ever-growing and ever-shifting population of mechanics and artisans. But if the tendencies of such societies would be to make the men prosper who might belong to them, rulers and legislators should rejoice in the result, and do their duty to the state by upholding and extending the influence of that Church to which it owes, in so great a measure, its safety, its prosperity, and its glory.

This, in the temper of the present times, may be difficult, but it is become indispensable, since large towns in great numbers have sprung up, and others have increased tenfold, with little or no dependence upon the gentry and the landed proprietors; and apart from those mitigated feudal institutions, which, till of late, have acted so powerfully upon the composition of the House of Commons. Now it may be affirmed that, in quarters where there is not an attachment to the Church, or the landed aristocracy, and a pride in supporting them, *there* the people will dislike both, and be ready, upon such incitements as are perpetually recurring, to join in attempts to overthrow them. There is no neutral ground here: from want of due attention to the state of society in large towns and manufacturing districts, and ignorance or disregard of these obvious truths, innumerable well-meaning persons became zealous supporters of a Reform Bill, the qualities and powers of which, whether destructive or constructive, they would otherwise have been afraid of; and even the framers of that bill, swayed as they might be by party resentments and personal ambition, could not have gone so far, had not they too been lamentably ignorant or neglectful of the same truths both of fact and philosophy.

But let that pass; and let no opponent of the bill be tempted to compliment his own foresight, by exaggerating the mischiefs and dangers that have sprung from it: let not time be wasted in profitless regrets; and let those party distinctions vanish to their very names that have separated men who, whatever course they may have pursued, have ever had a bond of union in the wish to save the limited monarchy, and those other institutions that have, under Providence, rendered for so long a period of time this country the happiest and worthiest of which there is any record since the foundation of civil society.

III. A philosophic mind is best pleased when looking at religion in its spiritual bearing; as a guide of conduct, a solace under affliction, and a support amid the instabilities of mortal life: but the Church having been forced by political considerations upon the notice of the author, while treating of the laboring classes, he cannot forbear saying a few words upon that momentous topic.

There is a loud clamor for extensive change in that department. The clamor would be entitled to more respect if they who are the most eager to swell it with their voices were not generally the most ignorant of the real state of the Church, and the service it renders to the community. *Reform* is the word employed. Let us pause and consider what sense it is apt to carry, and how things are confounded by a lax use of it. The great religious Reformation, in the sixteenth century, did not profess to be a new construction, but a restoration of something fallen into decay, or put out of sight. That familiar and justifiable use of the word seems to have paved the way for fallacies with respect to the term reform, which it is difficult to escape from. Were we to speak of improvement, and the correction of abuses, we should run less risk of being deceived ourselves, or of misleading others. We should be less likely to fall blindly into the belief, that the change demanded is a renewal of something that has existed before, and that, therefore, we

have experience on our side; nor should we be equally tempted to beg the question, that the change for which we are eager must be advantageous. From generation to generation, men are the dupes of words; and it is painful to observe, that so many of our species are most tenacious of those opinions which they have formed with the least consideration. They who are the readiest to meddle with public affairs, whether in church or state, fly to generalities, that they may be eased from the trouble of thinking about particulars; and thus is deputed to mechanical instrumentality the work which vital knowledge only can do well.

"Abolish pluralities, have a resident incumbent in every parish," is a favorite cry; but, without advertent to other obstacles in the way of this specious scheme, it may be asked what benefit would accrue from its *indiscriminate* adoption to counterbalance the harm it would introduce, by nearly extinguishing the order of curates, unless the revenues of the church should grow with the population, and be greatly increased in many thinly-peopled districts, especially among the parishes of the North.

The order of curates is so beneficial, that some particular notice of it seems to be required in this place. For a church poor as, relatively to the numbers of the people, that of England is, and probably will continue to be, it is no small advantage to have youthful servants, who will work upon the wages of hope and expectation. Still more advantageous is it to have, by means of this order, young men scattered over the country, who being more detached from the temporal concerns of the benefice, have more leisure for improvement and study, and are less subject to be brought into secular collision with those who are under their spiritual guardianship. The curate, if he reside at a distance from the incumbent, undertakes the requisite responsibilities of a temporal kind in that modified way which prevents him, as a new-comer, from being charged with selfishness: while it prepares him for entering upon a benefice of his own, with something of a

suitable experience. If he should act under and in co-operation with a resident incumbent, the gain is mutual. His studies will probably be assisted; and his training, managed by a superior, will not be liable to relapse in matters of prudence, seemliness, or in any of the highest cares of his functions; and by way of return for these benefits to the pupil, it will often happen that the zeal of a middle-aged or declining incumbent will be revived, by being in near communion with the ardor of youth, when his own efforts may have languished through a melancholy consciousness that they have not produced as much good among his flock as, when he first entered upon the charge, he fondly hoped.

Let one remark, and that not the least important, be added. A curate, entering for the first time upon his office, comes from college after a course of expense, and with such inexperience in the use of money, that, in his new situation, he is apt to fall unawares into pecuniary difficulties. If this happens to him, much more likely is it to happen to the youthful incumbent; whose relations, to his parishioners and to society, are more complicated; and, his income being larger and independent of another, a costlier style of living is required of him by public opinion. If embarrassment should ensue, and with that unavoidably some loss of respectability, his future usefulness will be proportionably impaired: not so with the curate, for he can easily remove and start afresh with a stock of experience and an unblemished reputation, whereas the early indiscretions of an incumbent being rarely forgotten, may be impediments to the efficacy of his ministry for the remainder of his life. The same observations would apply with equal force to doctrine. A young minister is liable to errors, from his notions being either too lax or overstrained. In both cases it would prove injurious that the error should be remembered, after study and reflection, with advancing years, shall have brought him to a clearer discernment of the truth, and better judgment in the application of it.

It must be acknowledged that, among the regulations of ecclesiastical polity, none at first view are more attractive than that which prescribes for every parish a resident incumbent. How agreeable to picture to one's self, as has been done by poets and romance-writers, from Chaucer down to Goldsmith, a man devoted to his ministerial office, with not a wish or a thought ranging beyond the circuit of its cares! Nor is it in poetry and fiction only that such characters are found; they are scattered, it is hoped not sparingly, over real life, especially in sequestered and rural districts, where there is but small influx of new inhabitants, and little change of occupation. The spirit of the Gospel, unaided by acquisitions of profane learning and experience in the world, that spirit, and the obligations of the sacred office may, in such situations, suffice to effect most of what is needful. But for the complex state of society that prevails in England, much more is required, both in large towns, and in many extensive districts of the country. A minister there should not only be irreproachable in manners and morals, but accomplished in learning, as far as is possible without sacrifice of the least of his pastoral duties. As necessary, perhaps more so, is it that he should be a citizen as well as a scholar; thoroughly acquainted with the structure of society, and the constitution of civil government, and able to reason upon both with the most expert; all ultimately in order to support the truths of Christianity, and to diffuse its blessings.

A young man coming fresh from the place of his education, cannot have brought with him these accomplishments; and if the scheme of equalising church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realised, so that there should be little or no secular inducement for a clergyman to desire a removal from the spot where he may chance to have been first set down; surely not only opportunities for obtaining the requisite qualifications would be diminished, but the motives for desiring to obtain them would be proportionably weakened. And yet these qualifications are indispen-

sable for the diffusion of that knowledge, by which alone the political philosophy of the New Testament can be rightly expounded, and its precepts adequately enforced. In these times, when the press is daily exercising so great a power over the minds of the people, for wrong or for right as may happen, *that* preacher ranks among the first of benefactors who, without stooping to the direct treatment of current politics and passing events, can furnish infallible guidance through the delusions that surround them; and who, appealing to the sanctions of Scripture, may place the grounds of its injunctions in so clear a light, that disaffection shall cease to be cultivated as a laudable propensity, and loyalty cleansed from the dishonor of a blind and prostrate obedience.

It is not, however, in regard to civic duties alone, that this knowledge in a minister of the Gospel is important; it is still more so for softening and subduing private and personal discontents. In all places, and at all times, men have gratuitously troubled themselves, because their survey of the dispensations of Providence has been partial and narrow; but now that readers are so greatly multiplied, men judge as they are *taught*, and repinings are engendered everywhere, by imputations being cast upon the government, and are prolonged or aggravated by being ascribed to misconduct or injustice in rulers, when the individual himself only is in fault. If a Christian pastor be competent to deal with these humors, as they may be dealt with, and by no members of society so successfully, both from more frequent and more favorable opportunities of intercourse, and by aid of the authority with which he speaks; he will be a teacher of moderation, a dispenser of the wisdom that blunts approaching distress by submission to God's will, and lightens, by patience, grievances which cannot be removed.

We live in times when nothing, of public good at least, is generally acceptable, but what we believe can be traced to preconceived intention, and specific acts and formal contri-

vances of human understanding. A Christian instructor thoroughly accomplished would be a standing restraint upon such presumptuousness of judgment by impressing the truth that —

In the unreasoning progress of the world  
A wiser spirit is at work for us,  
A better eye than ours. MS.

Revelation points to the purity and peace of a future world ; but our sphere of duty is upon earth ; and the relations of impure and conflicting things to each other must be understood, or we shall be perpetually going wrong in all but goodness of intention ; and goodness of intention will itself relax through frequent disappointment. How desirable, then, is it, that a minister of the Gospel should be versed in the knowledge of existing facts, and be accustomed to a wide range of social experience ! Nor is it less desirable for the purpose of counterbalancing and tempering in his own mind that ambition with which spiritual power is as apt to be tainted as any other species of power which men covet or possess.

It must be obvious that the scope of the argument is to discourage an attempt which would introduce into the Church of England an equality of income, and station, upon the model of that of Scotland. The sounder part of the Scottish nation know what good their ancestors derived from their church, and feel how deeply the living generation is indebted to it. They respect and love it, as accommodated in so great a measure to a comparatively poor country, through the far greater portion of which prevails a uniformity of employment ; but the acknowledged deficiency of theological learning among the clergy of that church is easily accounted for by this very equality. What else may be wanting there, it would be unpleasant to inquire, and might prove invidious to determine : one thing, however, is clear ; that in all countries the temporalities of the Church Estab-

lishment should bear an analogy to the state of society otherwise it cannot diffuse its influence through the whole community. In a country so rich and luxurious as England, the character of its clergy must unavoidably sink, and their influence be everywhere impaired, if individuals from the upper ranks, and men of leading talents, are to have no inducements to enter into that body but such as are purely spiritual. And this "tinge of secularity" is no reproach to the clergy, nor does it imply a deficiency of spiritual endowments. Parents and guardians, looking forward to sources of honorable maintenance for their children and wards, often direct their thoughts early towards the church, being determined partly by outward circumstances, and partly by indications of seriousness, or intellectual fitness. It is natural that a boy or youth, with such a prospect before him, should turn his attention to those studies, and be led into those habits of reflection, which will in some degree dispose and tend to prepare him for the duties he is hereafter to undertake. As he draws nearer to the time when he will be called to these duties, he is both led and compelled to examine the Scriptures. He becomes more and more sensible of their truth. Devotion grows in him; and what might begin in temporal consideration, will end (as in a majority of instances we trust it does) in a spiritual-mindedness not unworthy of that Gospel, the lessons of which he is to teach, and the faith of which he is to inculcate. Not inappositely may be here repeated an observation, which, from its obviousness and importance, must have been frequently made, viz. that the impoverishing of the clergy, and bringing their incomes much nearer to a level, would not cause them to become less worldly-minded: the emoluments, howsoever reduced, would be as eagerly sought for, but by men from lower classes in society; men who, by their manners, habits, abilities, and the scanty measure of their attainments, would unavoidably be less fitted for their station, and less competent to discharge its duties.

Visionary notions have in all ages been afloat upon the subject of best providing for the clergy; notions which have been sincerely entertained by good men, with a view to the improvement of that order, and eagerly caught at and dwelt upon, by the designing, for its degradation and disparagement. Some are beguiled by what they call the *voluntary system*, not seeing (what stares one in the face at the very threshold) that they who stand in most need of religious instruction are unconscious of the want, and therefore cannot reasonably be expected to make any sacrifices in order to supply it. Will the licentious, the sensual, and the depraved, take from the means of their gratifications and pursuits, to support a discipline that cannot advance without uprooting the trees that bear the fruit which they devour so greedily? Will they pay the price of that seed whose harvest is to be reaped in an invisible world? A voluntary system for the religious exigences of a people numerous and circumstanced as we are! Not more absurd would it be to expect that a knot of boys should draw upon the pittance of their pocket-money to build schools, or out of the abundance of their discretion be able to select fit masters to teach and keep them in order! Some, who clearly perceive the incompetence and folly of such a scheme for the agricultural part of the people nevertheless think it feasible in large towns, where the rich might subscribe for the religious instruction of the poor. Alas! they know little of the thick darkness that spreads over the streets and alleys of our large towns. The parish of Lambeth, a few years since, contained not more than one church and three or four small proprietary chapels, while dissenting chapels of every denomination were still more scantily found there; yet the inhabitants of the parish amounted at that time to upwards of 50,000. Were the parish church and the chapels of the establishment existing there, an *impediment* to the spread of the gospel among that mass of people? Who shall dare to say so?

For the preservation of the Church Establishment, all

men, whether they belong to it or not, could they perceive their true interest, would be strenuous: but how inadequate are its provisions for the needs of the country! and how much is it to be regretted that, while its zealous friends yield to alarms on account of the hostility of dissent, they should so much over-rate the danger to be apprehended from that quarter, and almost overlook the fact that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, though formally and nominally of the Church of England, never enter her places of worship, neither have they communication with her ministers! This deplorable state of things seems partly owing to a decay of zeal among the rich and influential, and partly to a want of due expansive power in the constitution of the Establishment as regulated by law. Private benefactors, in their efforts to build and endow churches, have been frustrated, or too much impeded, by legal obstacles: these, where they are unreasonable or unfitted for the times, ought to be removed; and, keeping clear of intolerance and injustice, means should be used to render the presence and powers of the church commensurate with the wants of a shifting and still-increasing population.


This cannot be effected, unless the English Government vindicate the truth, that, as her church exists for the benefit of all (though not in an equal degree), whether of her communion or not, all should be made to contribute to its support. If this ground be abandoned, the not remote consequence will be, the infliction of a wound upon the moral heart of the English people, from which, till ages shall have gone by, it will not recover.

But let the friends of the church be of good courage. Powers are at work, by which, under Divine Providence, she may be strengthened and the sphere of her usefulness extended; not by alterations in her Liturgy, accommodated to this or that demand of finical taste, nor by cutting off this or that from her Articles or Canons, to which the scrupulous or the overweening may object. Covert schism, and open

nonconformity, would survive after alterations, however promising in the eyes of those whose subtilty had been exercised in making them. Latitudinarianism is the parhelion of liberty of conscience, and will ever successfully lay claim to a divided worship. Among Presbyterians, Socinians, Baptists, and Independents, there will always be found numbers who will tire of their several creeds, and some will come over to the Church. Conventicles may disappear, congregations in each denomination may fall into decay or be broken up, but the conquests which the National Church ought chiefly to aim at, lie among the thousands and tens of thousands of the unhappy outcasts who grow up without religion at all. The wants of these cannot but be feelingly remembered.

Moreover, the force of public opinion is rapidly increasing : and some may bend to it, who are not so happy as to be swayed by a higher motive : especially they who derive large incomes from lay-impropriations, in tracts of country where ministers are few and meagerly provided for. A claim still stronger may be acknowledged by those who, round their superb habitations or elsewhere, walk over vast estates which were lavished upon their ancestors by royal favoritism, or purchased at insignificant prices after church-spoliation ; such proprietors, though not conscience-stricken (there is no call for that) may be prompted to make a return for which their tenantry and dependents will learn to bless their names. An impulse has been given ; an accession of means from these several sources, co-operating with a *well*-considered change in the distribution of some parts of the property at present possessed by the church, a change scrupulously founded upon due respect to law and justice, will, we trust, bring about so much of what her friends desire, that the rest may be calmly waited for, with thankfulness for what shall have been obtained.

Let it not be thought unbecoming in a layman, to have treated at length a subject with which the clergy are more



intimately conversant. All may, without impropriety, speak of what deeply concerns all; nor need an apology be offered for going over ground which has been trod before so ably and so often; without pretending, however, to anything of novelty, either in matter or manner, something may have been offered to view, which will save the writer from the imputation of having little to recommend his labor, but goodness of intention.

It was with reference to thoughts expressed in verse, that the author entered upon the above notices, and with verse he will conclude. The passage is extracted from his MSS. written above thirty years ago: it turns upon the individual dignity which humbleness of social condition does not preclude, but frequently promotes. It has no direct bearing upon clubs for the discussion of public affairs, nor upon political or trade-unions; but if a single workman—who, being a member of one of those clubs, runs the risk of becoming an agitator, or who, being enrolled in a union, must be left without a will of his own, and therefore a slave—should read these lines, and be touched by them, the author would indeed rejoice, and little would he care for losing credit as a poet with intemperate critics, who think differently from him upon political philosophy or public measures, if the sober-minded admit that, in general views, his affections have been moved, and his imagination exercised, under and for the guidance of reason.

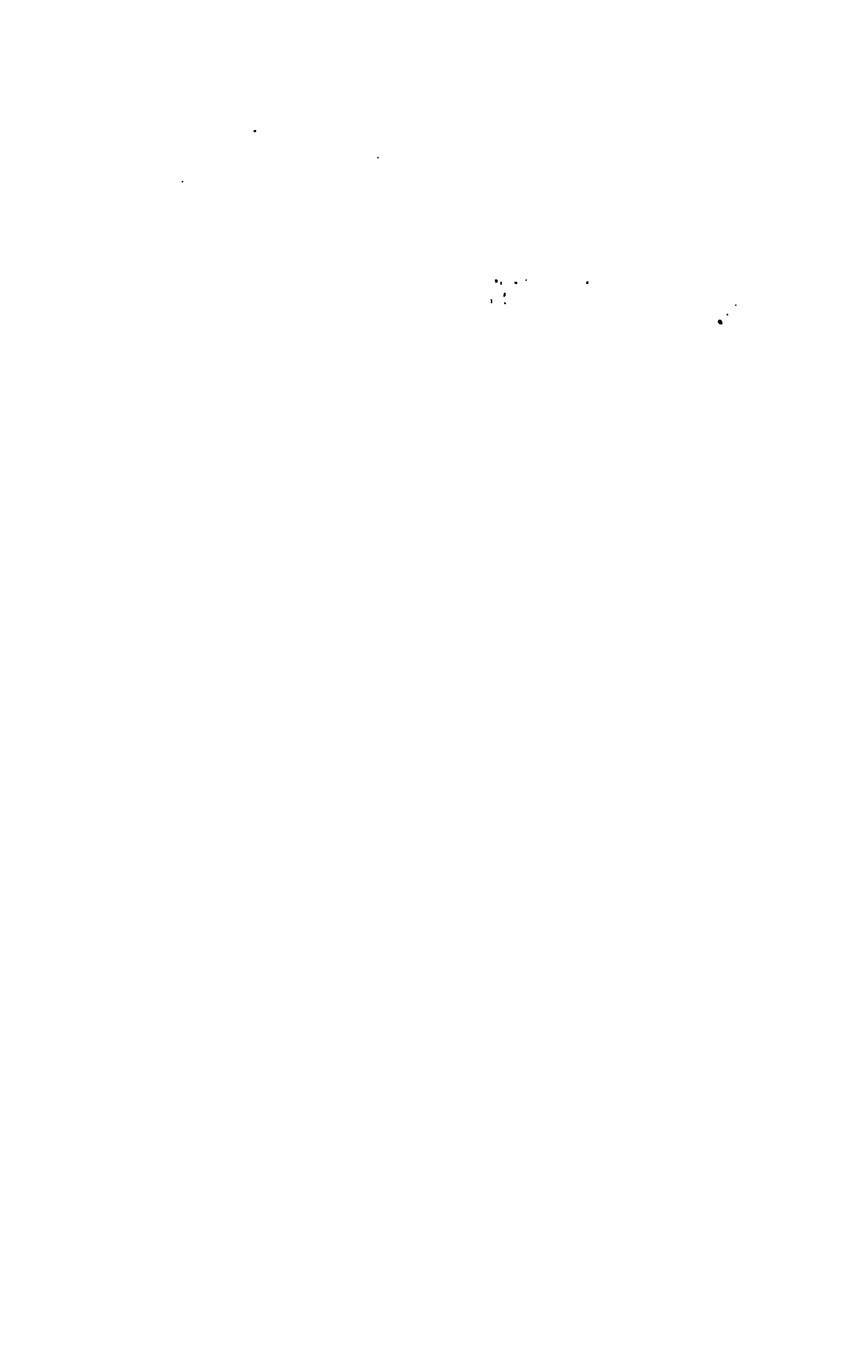
“ Here might I pause, and bend in reverence  
To Nature, and the power of human minds;  
To men as they are men within themselves.  
How oft high service is performed within,  
When all the external man is rude in show:  
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,  
But a mere mountain chapel that protects  
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower!  
Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,  
If future years mature me for the task,  
Will I record the praises, making verse

Deal boldly with substantial things — in truth  
 And sanctity of passion speak of these,  
 That justice may be done, obeisance paid  
 Where it is due. Thus haply shall I teach,  
 Inspire, through unadulterated ears  
 Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope; my theme  
 No other than the very heart of man,  
 As found among the best of those who live,  
 Not unexalted by religious faith,  
 Nor unformed by books, good books, though few,  
 In Nature's presence: thence may I select  
 Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight,  
 And miserable love that is not pain  
 To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
 Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.  
 Be mine to follow with no timid step  
 Where knowledge leads me; it shall be my pride  
 That I have dared to tread this holy ground,  
 Speaking no dream, but things oracular,  
 Matter not lightly to be heard by those  
 Who to the letter of the outward promise  
 Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit  
 In speech, and for communion with the world  
 Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then  
 Most active when they are most eloquent,  
 And elevated most when most admired.  
 Men may be found of other mould than these;  
 Who are their own upholders, to themselves  
 Encouragement, and energy, and will;  
 Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words  
 As native passion dictates. Others, too,  
 There are, among the walks of homely life,  
 Still higher, men for contemplation framed;  
 Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase  
 Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink  
 Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse.  
 Their's is the language of the heavens, the power,  
 The thought, the image, and the silent joy:  
 Words are but under-agents in their souls;  
 When they are grasping with their greatest strength  
 They do not breathe among them; this I speak  
 In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts  
 For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,  
 When we are unregarded by the world,"



15.2





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